



Priscilla Johnston [née Lusk] daughter of (to T. F. Burton
(reframer, anti-slavery campaigns)

Family association copy.

4 actual photos + 4 illus.

Priscilla B. Hardcastle.

from

Effie Mae Innes

January 1863

Joseph Anthony L. Hardcastle.

May 1950

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E X T R A C T S

FROM

PRISCILLA JOHNSTON'S JOURNAL ;

A N D L E T T E R S .

CARLISLE :
CHARLES THURNAM AND SONS.

—
1862.



#23298
30-10-12

CHILDHOOD.

ACCOUNT OF
PRISCILLA BUXTON'S CHILDHOOD,

WRITTEN BY HER MOTHER.

My dearest child Priscilla was born at Earlham Hall, near Norwich, February 25, 1808, in the room that was afterwards my sister Catherine's.

It was delightful having a child born at Earlham, and much was made of the event and of her—the first child born there since my brother Dan, in 1791.

When she was about six months old we settled in a house lent us in Southampton Row, Russell Square. Here Priscilla soon became the most lively, active baby I ever saw. She had a most providential escape from scarlet fever. I, in my inexperience, went to see a child who had it, and caught the fever. I had sent Priscilla to spend the day at St. Mildred's Court with her Aunt Fry. That day I sickened, and it proved a severe illness. When recovered I thought I might have her home: she came. When the doctors happily called and ordered her away again. That evening, when her father returned the fever was upon him, and he became at once dangerously ill. After a time my beloved husband was restored, and at last we were allowed to rejoin our child, whose animation and merriment were remarkable.

In January, 1809, we settled at the Brewery, Brick Lane; Priscilla eleven months old. That same day she walked off through several rooms.

One day she attempted to rebel against her father's will, and I remember my distress on seeing him strike her rather sharply when in his arms, and her screams in consequence; but it had the best effect upon her will, and I do not think she ever disobeyed him afterwards.

We were much at Hampstead with our brother and sister, Sam and Louisa Hoare, and very happy with one another and our children.

At a very early age Priscilla received some religious impressions; and, before she could read it, liked to have a Bible and take it to bed with her. One day, my sister Cunningham being with us, she saw Prissy in bed, her countenance looking heavenly. Her aunt said to her, "My darling, what are you doing?" She replied, simply and sweetly, "I am thinking about God."

In March, 1815, I write in my journal:—"Priscilla has been an object of intense interest to me. I am thankful to find the seeds of what I believe to be grace in the heart. Last Sunday she told me she felt particularly comfortable, because, she said, "she trusted in herself that she had been doing the will of God; and now, mamma, the reward seems all ready, everything so pleasant."

She was eminently alive to what was wrong, and earnestly desired to follow God. We learnt the Old Testament most accu-

rately together—the history of the Israelites, the particulars of the Tabernacle, the chronology, geography, &c.

In June, 1815, we moved to North End, Hampstead. Our object was to be near our brother and sister, and to bring up our children together. We then had eight between us, one sweet little girl had been taken from us, and Priscilla was then the only girl, with seven boy companions—four of the Hoares, and three her own brothers. The one girl was very delightful amongst the troop of boys.

In 1816 we were several months at Earlham, in consequence of a trying complaint in Priscilla's hip, for which she was closely confined and kept from all lessons except what I could teach her. She was perfectly sweet and easy, and, as usual, unfailingly industrious throughout this long illness.

Oct. 27, 1816.—I write of her—(8 years old). I had some very interesting conversation with Prissy this morning. She told me she had passed a few minutes the night before, during which she had been remarkably happy and had felt more subdued than she ever did in her life; that the fear of death had been much removed. She had, no doubt, been anxious about her health. Towards the end of that year she became much stronger.

Sept. 10, 1817.—My dearest Priscilla was in a delightfully communicative mind this evening. I had been reading to her and Fowell* the first verses of the 3rd chapter of St. John's Gospel. She said she could not distinguish the Spirit working

* Died 1820.

in her ; that she sometimes had an indistinct feeling that a thing was right, without exactly knowing why ; but that she was better satisfied if she did these things. "For instance, I had a feeling this morning that I ought to take Fowell his books, and so I did it ; and things occur like that a hundred times a day." She wished to know from what this arose, and seemed fully to enter into it when I explained the operations of conscience.

Dec. 8, 1817.—My dearest child and I have had much interesting conversation. She told me that she had often of late been strongly inclined to pray, that she had wanted a quiet place, though she did pray at lessons and at other times. Often of a night she was not disposed to pray ; but that when she began by reviewing the day she found she could pray (no doubt under a sense of mercies received and transgressions to be forgiven), and in this state she "glided off to sleep."

Her father was a most congenial, indulgent companion to this precious child ; cultivating her mind, exercising her powers, and pleasing her by entering into her pursuits. They both were extremely fond of poetry, and he enjoyed to exercise her, as she advanced in years, in learning it rapidly. They would vie with each other in learning by heart, in our various journeys especially. I remember they once learned one of Swift's long poems with only reading it once. Then he would ask her difficult cyphering questions, and in many ways amuse and interest her. She was devotedly fond of him, and her love to, and dependence upon me too, was most precious.

Often she suffered much from ill health, and in all my anxiety about her we were most nearly united, and drawn closer and closer together. One day I expressed to her how much I felt the need of patience for us both—"It is a great duty," she said: "I should be miserable if I thought these things were left to chance." She told me how her constant indisposition led to a distaste for the things of the world, at the same time to an increase of faith and love of the world to come.

Priscilla twelve years old. Through all our sorrowful, overwhelming trials,* she was our devoted, loving, sympathizing child. My expression about her at the time is, "Prissy greatly upheld." Truly strong in faith, in knowledge, and in appreciation of the truth, though suffering much in health and acutely afflicted by our bereavements, she strove to be our comforter, and diligently searched the Scriptures to bring consoling and helpful texts and thoughts to me. We went to Tunbridge Wells, and there she was my invaluable companion and friend; and I remember her especially at that time as a girl full of mind and feeling, sweetness, and constant love, with great simplicity.

Two years later, the journal thus continues:—

Cromer Hall, March 3.—My dearest Priscilla has been seized with a renewed attack of hip complaint, and we are ordered to remain here for some weeks longer. She said to me when she woke this morning: "Two texts are a great comfort to me in pain—'It is through much tribulation that we are to enter the

* The death of her four sisters.

kingdom of heaven'; and, 'To you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in Him, but also to suffer for His sake.'" She does indeed most sweetly bear the trial, though it is a very great one to her, poor dear child.

March 24, Sunday.—My dearest Priscilla told me, when I returned from church, that she had passed a delightful morning with Miss Wilkinson. She said: "I have had a great deal of pain to day, but have felt a true willingness to bear it, or even an increase of it; I feel that 'it is the Lord,' and, therefore, that I will not only bear it because I cannot help it, but cheerfully submit. We must believe, and give ourselves wholly up to God; we must cast all our care upon Him; we must have faith, and apply it, it must bring forth fruit—'Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit.'" She seemed truly comforted, and said, "Had I not been given real help this morning I should have been most uncomfortable; but such power has been given me that I have been quite able to bear the pain. I feel that, meekly and entirely submitting to God, gives me a right, if I may say so, to receive his help and blessing, to lay hold of the promises, to receive the benefit of trials." She is most willing to do whatever I like, and is moved into the ante-room to be employed with the boys; indeed, the Spirit appears to dwell in and over her.

March 25.—She still has a good deal of pain. She said to me this morning that she had found great help through the night from this verse, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace

whose mind is stayed upon Thee." To rely with implicit confidence, to be stayed upon the promises, does give perfect peace.

Sunday, April 1.—My dearest Priscilla looked very poorly and languid during my reading with her and the boys. When they were gone I tried to comfort her. She acknowledged with thankfulness the help she had had during last week, and said she thought we ought to pray that this week might be attended with the same blessings. No one, she said, she wished for so much as her uncle Joseph, he suits her so exactly, better than any other minister, and she has often wished for him; and, "nothing in the world," she said with tears, "is like papa's love to me!" She turned to various texts describing the trial to be expected here, the comfort given, and the hope to come—"In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." She then prayed, that if it were not the will of her heavenly Father that this cup should be removed, His will, not hers, might be done.

April 14.—My dearest child has been for some days in an unusually cloudy state, and I felt unable to minister to her. Yesterday she told me she was far more comfortable, she had felt with such uncommon power the invitation, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you"; it had been the greatest comfort to her, and ability to pray had wonderfully removed the cloud she had been under. This evening she talked with great feeling on the pain it was to her to be kept from London, and from the House of Commons during the Criminal Law debate; but at the

same time that the cross of this, and of other things was acutely felt, a willingness which she could not describe was at times given her, to endure whatever might be appointed for her. She sometimes was ready to think no one could experience as she did what it was to enjoy the presence of God. She knew this was not the case, but it was so wonderful to her that she could hardly believe it was enjoyed by others. No one could partake of or know the degree of cross she had to bear, and so was the help individual to herself.

The journal is continued after her mother received her in London, having been for a time absent from her.

June 1.—I have felt excessively seeing my beloved Priscilla suffer as she does, and in all respects finding her worse than when I left her. She says she has felt her own case much more serious the last few days, especially to-day; but that this had not made her uncomfortable. She says she feels so the responsibility of being thus laid up for months, in the present and for the future—the call to receive it aright, to bear it as she ought. In a most meek and lowly spirit she expressed these thoughts. I read to her by accident “He will beautify the meek with salvation.” Truly a promise for her! She told me that for years she had rather looked to not living to be a woman; that the prospect of death was sometimes most soothing and comforting to her; that it never excited dread, though the thought often made her low.

Cromer Hall, Oct. 27.—My beloved girl has been decidedly better the last few weeks, and is now able to walk a little without

difficulty. Oh ! may it teach us patient waiting upon the Lord. A few days ago we had some interesting conversations, in which she seriously expressed her confidence that the whole dispensation had been inexpressibly blessed to her, and that it had taught her the truth of religion and invisible things in a way she could not describe. She said no one could know the exercise of principle it had been from day to day and hour to hour. Now she rejoices greatly in the measure of liberty allowed her, and in being able to move about alone a very little.

Dec. 22.—My dearest Priscilla is wonderfully restored ; the complaint apparently gone, though it has left her delicate. To-day she told me with tears what her experience of the power and presence of God had been to her ; that the remembrance of it filled her with gratitude. I expressed my desire that we might be deeply thankful for her recovery ; she answered, with the deepest feeling, “ Not more so, mamma, than for the illness.”





EXTRACTS FROM
PRISCILLA BUXTON'S JOURNALS,

BEGINNING MAY, 1820.

Tunbridge Wells, May 30.

Got up at a quarter to seven. Very interesting reading and intimate conversation with my beloved mamma. What a blessing is such a mother to me! Felt vexed at ——'s having written in my Pascal; but with prayer endeavoured, and at last succeeded in overcoming these discontented and wrong thoughts. Did not like to learn the passage she chose for me; and, for why? because she chose it for me; for, when I calmly and reasonably looked it over, I could not have desired a more excellent passage. O Lord, do thou more and more subject my proud and stubborn heart!

Hampstead, July, 1822.

My wishes for my journal are, that I should not copy from anybody's journal. Aunt Hoare has let me see great parts of her old journals, when she was a child, and it is from seeing how valuable these old documents are to her now, that makes me wish to keep a journal myself. Perhaps it may end in my only writing on Sundays. I do not wish to write a religious journal, or to make any point of writing anything which is not exactly the uppermost thing in my mind.

I am now fourteen years and five months, during which five months I have not walked once, owing to a third attack of pain in my hip. Before we left Cromer Hall this is the way we spent our days:—Directly after breakfast we did a little botany, that is to say, examined a few flowers, found out their classes and orders; then we read a few chapters in the Bible, with Henry's Commentary; after that, we read a chapter in "Watts on the Mind;" by twelve or one we had done this, and then I generally read Italian with Christiana*; after that, I used sometimes to go out, I was carried down stairs and out on a mattress. Nobody knows how tried I have been during this illness; but through it all I earnestly desire to submit myself to Him who doeth all things well, and to submit cheerfully, remembering that God loveth a cheerful giver.

When mamma was in London she went to the doctor, who seemed to think that I might be safely moved from Cromer.

Uncle Hoare and aunt Martha (Mrs. Carr) brought Chenda, the boys, and me, to London in the steamer. As we began to descend the cliff at Cromer I was terrified. I was lying quite flat, so that I could not see except upwards: I saw numbers of people staring at me. When we got to the boat they lifted my mattress in: I was extremely frightened. It was now full half-past nine, and very dark. Through it all there was an indescribable peace granted to me; I looked up to the sky and

* Miss Glover, who lived many years in the family as valued instructress and friend.

thought that God was looking at and caring for me, and that He would not suffer any evil to come to me. This was a great mercy, and one to be remembered all my life. We had to go two miles before we got to the ship. Then there was the greatest difficulty to get in ; the boat rose and fell so much. I felt the only thing was to be still, and let them do what they would or could with me. As soon as I got on deck, the captain and some other men carried me down instantly into the cabin. During the night we had sad weather, and at one time we went only four miles an hour ; and we were all grievously ill. When I could think of anything, I thought how dreadful must be the sufferings of the poor slaves, crammed and crowded, and not allowed nor able to stand or lie down. How little do we know the immense quantity of suffering which is going forward in the world ! Perhaps it is well for us to taste a little of it now and then.

We landed at Harwich, and next day reached Devonshire Street, where I was carried up into the drawing room, my bed room being next door ; and I never once went out of those two rooms until I was carried down again to come here (to Hampstead). Papa was most affectionate and sweet, and I most thoroughly enjoyed seeing him again. Aunt Fry came, and had a little meeting with us, which was very comfortable : I think Aunt Fry is the person in the world the most comforting to those about her. Mamma said to-day, when she got me my journal, "I hope thee will let me see thy journal ; I think

it will be very interesting." I do not think I shall, because showing it to anybody would, I think, take off the pleasure and value of my journal ; though, if I showed it to anybody, I am sure I should to that dearest, dearest mamma, whom it has been my habit through life to be so entirely intimate with. What an inexpressible blessing to me to have such parents. How different to mamma herself, whose mother died while she was quite a little child. It is my most, most earnest desire and prayer, every day and every hour, that I may die before them and not have the killing affliction of losing them. I do not think I ever should have another happy hour except in contributing to the comfort of the beloved surviving parent.

Cromer Hall, Wednesday, August 28, 1822,
(still confined to the sofa.)

I have much enjoyed getting once more to dear old Cromer, having been absent three months. Yesterday, while mamma was asleep, papa and I learnt two hundred and thirty lines of poetry ; we took an hour and a half ; I enjoyed it very much.

I think the three things which I most wish for now are, first, to draw beautifully :—I shall not be content until I have aunt Chenda's boldness, mamma's foliage, and dear aunt Priscilla's exquisite softness and clearness : second, to write beautifully ; and the third is only a help to writing well, but is the greatest convenience through life, and that is to mend pens charmingly. I am determined to accomplish this by my fifteenth birthday ;

writing, I wish to be done when I shall be sixteen ; and drawing when I shall be seventeen, that is to say if I live so long ; and so by the time that I am eighteen, my education will be finished. French I consider already very nearly, if not quite conquered, except speaking, which, I believe, is not to be attained elegantly but by travelling on the continent. As to Italian, I never shall attempt to speak it, but only to be able to read easily the principal books. Yesterday we began the last volume of Dante ; when we have finished that, we shall read Ariosto's Orlando Furioso. The chief thing, I think, which I wish to have accomplished when I am eighteen, is a course of history, beginning with Grecian, then Roman, and then English, learning, at the same time, the dates as far as I can, and the geography perfectly. In this course I wish to intermingle a little general European history.

September 13th.—Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce are staying here. All the morning they were out. It made me feel very low, I longed so earnestly to be with them. It was such a long time that I was alone. It is quite a loss to lose Mr. Wilberforce's company at meals. I woke early this morning and read a chapter in bed, the 12th Hebrews. I felt the soothing and comforting effect of it all day. What a charming chapter it is ! I have learnt great part of it. I really think nothing can exceed Mr. Wilberforce's kindness and tenderness, he is so extremely affectionate to me—it is quite delightful. He delighted me yesterday by telling me that he had still got that purple silk

bag I made for him above two years ago. Dr. and Mrs. Lushington are also here. What a most expressive countenance Dr. Lushington has. I like to sit and look at him when he is engaged in conversation.

Sunday, Sept. 29, 1822.—I know it is for the present unavoidable that I should be thrown on myself and my own resources ; but then look what are those which I call my own resources ! “Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest !” There is a noble resource ! Those precious words come like a balm to my heart. I have been thinking a great deal, perhaps speculating a little too much, on various religious subjects lately, but I cannot attempt to write all down. I have been reading Bickersteth on Prayer. I am perfectly convinced that a religious life can be the only happy one, not merely liking a little religion when it is convenient, but having every thought, every action, every word, every look subservient to it.

October 6, 1822.—I walked once across my own room, papa and uncle Hoare supporting me—after not having walked a single step for more than seven months. What a long confinement ! but I do not repine ; I hope I feel sincerely thankful for it to Him who doeth all things well. I am sure I may truly say with David, “It is good for me to be afflicted.” Oh ! it has been inexpressibly so. Sometimes those words in Isaiah—“I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction”—are applied to my mind with such wonderful power that they seem to have been written for me. I go down to dinner every day. Yesterday, the

first thing after breakfast, I began the great business of my life for many years to come, namely, the education of dearest Chenda. She is too young to learn much, but she is not too young to be disciplined.

Thursday, Nov. 28.—I perfectly remember on my ninth birthday dearest mamma's telling me that the next nine years of my life—from nine to eighteen—would, in all probability, be the most important of my life. Five of these precious years are gone, never to return, and but three remain. Let me consider a little whether these years have been employed as they ought to have been. I really think that on the whole, there has been an improvement that I ought to be pleased with, and thankful for, in intellectual things, more especially since the beginning of 1820. After my ninth birthday, the two next years were spent industriously over Latin, profitably as to the general cultivation of my mind and as to the acquisition of a habit of fixed attention, but very unprofitably as to anything else. Darling Chenda was born on the 5th of January, 1820. The first six months of that melancholy year were extremely unsettled; and it is surprising to me how much I got on in French and history. We read a good deal of Hume, Col. Hutchinson's Life, Clarendon's Life, and some other books. I first entered Cromer Hall on the 25th August, 1820, and on the 26th I began Italian. That language I feel almost accomplished, as respects reading. I have read in it some of the Testament, a little of Metastasio's Operas, all Davila's Civil Wars of France, a great part of Machiavelli's History of Florence, all Tasso, and

a great deal of it two or three times over, the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* of Dante, and eleven cantos of Ariosto.

Sunday, December 1, 1822.—Aunt Sarah dined here yesterday, she looked but poorly. What a charming dear sweet person she is to be sure. How sincerely I do love her. I always count on her coming. How glad I am she always comes every Sunday now. She is one of those very very few persons that I like to see on Sundays ; but I do love to see her.

Sunday, December 8.—Aunt Catherine spoke to me about the boys, and I perfectly agree in what she said, namely, that my manner towards them was not nearly gentle enough. She said that she could speak from her own experience, for when left the head of a large family of brothers and sisters, she had so strikingly found the benefit of always treating them and governing them with the greatest gentleness, and never exerting authority for the love of it, and only when it was absolutely necessary. She acquired such power over them that she could do what she pleased with them. I perfectly feel the justice of the remark, and of her maxim—"Let all under you have as much liberty in every way as is consistent with their own good," for—

"'Tis Liberty alone, that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its sweetness and perfume."

It is my fullest intention to take warning from her advice and to be far more gentle towards the children than I have been.

January 1, 1823.—Oh, how deficient do I feel in the first of graces—giving up my own will ! Active virtues are easy ; but a

constant unvarying habit of not consulting one's own will or inclination in little things, and of self-denial, are far rarer and far more valuable, because they cannot be obtained without long habit.

Tuesday, January 21.—Writing of her father, she says:—With the greatest openness and nobility of mind; generous to an excess and considerate to the feelings of every one, even children; vigorous and energetic in whatever he undertakes: all these invaluable qualities are crowned and cemented together by religion—true, pure, and unadulterated piety. With his energy and vigour everything that he gives his mind to, which is within the reach of humanity, cannot fail to prosper. Then how happy it is that his talents, his courage, his generosity, his energy, are all directed to doing in every way all the good, and giving all the happiness, that he can.

He went off this morning at three o'clock. His visit has answered most completely and been most cheering to us all. How I shall enjoy it if I become useful to him in his objects! He told me yesterday that Mr. Cobbett's second daughter writes almost all his papers for him, and that he should make me Miss Cobbett the second. I have not heard anything that delighted me so much for a long time. To be his companion in any way is the highest object of my ambition.

Earlham, Monday, March 10.

Yesterday was a very pleasant day. I went to papa and mamma till dinner, professedly reading Scott's Life, but really

talking. I like to put down all little things that papa tells us. Lord Amherst is appointed Governor of India. Papa went to him to endeavour to interest him about suttees and met with the coldest reception. He said after he had been speaking very warmly and expressing himself strongly on this point, the only answer he could squeeze from his Lordship was a dry bow, and that it reminded him of a passage in Churchill's *Rosciad*, where a very stiff actor

"To soothe his weeping spouse,
To soothe his weeping mother, turns and bows."

The other day papa went to the Speaker's Levee with his bag wig all fastened on wrong, and all the company laughed at him.

Sunday, March 16.—I feel now more and more the earnest desire to perfect my education. I wish to be nothing less than perfect in all that is to be performed with one's ten fingers: drawing beautifully, writing an excellent hand, cutting out well, working extremely well, and last, though by no means least, all sorts of handiworks, knitting and netting, &c.

On Sunday, April 20, 1823, Sam Hoare and I were baptized. I do believe that the effect of it will not quickly pass away from our minds. It is exactly as aunt Martha said to-day, "like turning a corner." It is entering the gate of the strait and narrow way; oh! may we both walk in it to our lives' end. Monday's text has dwelt with me all the week—"Gird up the loins of your mind." Oh! may this solemn ordinance brace and strengthen our minds. Mr. Pratt performed the ceremony.

On May 15, we went to hear the slavery debate. It went off with the greatest interest. Mr. Brougham (now Lord Brougham) did make such a speech. I think altogether it was the most entertaining thing I ever heard. His grave dry way of saying the most ludicrous or bitter things is inexpressible and indescribable. His squint at the person he is speaking of, is one of the most comical things in the world, except his nose, which exceeds everything human I ever saw. How he did cut up the West Indians. It was delightful to hear him. Papa spoke twice, the second time it was the most spirited reply to all that had been said on the other side of the question. Thus ended this most deeply interesting debate, at about half-past one in the morning. I shall not attempt to say how I enjoyed it, suffice it to say that it was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, treat I ever had, and that I shall look back upon it with feelings of the greatest pleasure, interest, and I will add, pride.

Monday, Nov. 3.—Yesterday I received the sacrament for the first time. I felt it a most interesting and important occasion—a solemn renewal of the vows and promises made at our baptism. Oh! may they be a guide to my feet and a light to my path. I think it is a very sweet beginning to our present settlement.

Sunday, Nov. 9.—I shall go over my improvements again I think. I mean, take another survey of the state of my education. I think I have reason to be encouraged since my last. Italian and French go on gradually perfecting, though but slowly. I

have improved wonderfully in my knowledge of history and chronology since this time last year. Geography still requires more attention. Above all, I believe I have real cause for thankfulness to God for having been decidedly led and strengthened to choose the better part: absolutely to offer myself, soul and body, mind and heart, to serve Him and keep His commandments, and walk in His ways all the days of my life. I am firmly convinced that it is the only way for true peace and comfort in this life. Oh! may I be practically convinced; may I be assisted to act up to it, and to the suggestions of my conscience, in all my actions, small or great; may the solemn vows which I have taken upon me in the course of this year, never lose any of their effect on my conduct, but be remembered and renewed from day to day to the latest hour of my life.

Friday, Jan. 30.—This week I have been very busy, getting up early, &c., for my father has given me a history of Sierra Leone to write, which is long and difficult.

Sunday, February 1.—Here I am lying on the sofa, staying from church, and, as I believe, fairly in for another imprisonment. It is a most thorough exercise for me; I have been lately so much in the full enjoyment of my precious liberty, dancing, walking, &c., and now it does seem so hard to give it all up again. I endeavour to feel and to say, "Thy will be done;" but it is so inexpressibly difficult to do so really effectually. I am perfectly assured that, under these circumstances, I shall never find peace except I desire to feel that it is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good. I

am sure I have experienced good things proceeding from very bitter circumstances. I have had to say—"Thou hast chosen me in the furnace of affliction" from my very heart, and with deep thankfulness. This trial may be designed as a warning to me not to forget in prosperity, that God, who alone has been my comfort in adversity. O Lord, I earnestly entreat Thee, that if Thou seest it good this bitter cup may pass from me ; if not, O Father, Thy will be done ! I cannot but cherish the delightful hope of its going off in a few days. Oh ! what a blessing ; what a mercy that would be ; but, I fear, I ought to make up my mind to the worst. I feel far more afflicted by the renewal of uneasiness now than I did two years ago, and no wonder, having experienced all the pangs of it ; my beloved parents both appear to be cast down by it. Oh ! above everything, may mamma be supported and comforted.

Sunday, February 7.—My journal of this day week is deeply interesting to me, I feel as if I could not express or even be sufficiently thankful to have had this painful blow averted. On Sunday afternoon I became gradually easier ; and on Monday morning was so well that we all thought it not imprudent for me to go to Earham. Uncle Dan and his angel wife arrived almost immediately after us. Every time that I see my lovely aunt Harriet, I am astonished at her exquisite beauty ; the loving sweetness that there is about her is so charming.

My father sent us to-day four doggerel lines, which are just his mind, certainly :

“ For every evil under the sun
There is a cure, or there is none ;
If there's a cure, seek and find it ;
If there's none, never mind it.”

I have a great idea they are the genuine production of his own pen, though he says he has met with them. I have been reading my journal of about this time last year—how many things there are to remark in it. In the first place, how inexpressibly thankful we ought to be for having our most beloved mother so mercifully raised from the alarming valley she was then in : I think it is one of the great uses of a journal to bring those times of such deep distress back to one's mind. I am sure they ought indeed to excite the most lovely gratitude to the Parent of good ; and I trust, in our small measure, they do so.

Sunday, February 29—Hampstead.—On Wednesday I entered my seventeenth year. I was reflecting, with much trembling, on the awful terrors of the approaching judgment-day, when the idea of “The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin,” was presented to my mind with uncommon force, and really inexpressible sweetness and comfort. It seemed like a new idea to me ; to be sure, how one may hear, and read, and talk, and feel upon a subject without ever really attaining, as it were, the kernel of it. I certainly do not think I ever felt real warmth of gratitude to God before for the gift of our blessed Saviour, although my lips have so repeatedly said—“ Above all, we bless Thee for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Sunday, March 7.—What a splendid sight have I now before my eyes. The afternoon was very rainy—the whole country covered with a thick mist of drizzling rain, and now the golden setting sun breaks through it over Harrow. How infinitely lovely ! I felt but poorly all yesterday ; am I resigned and ready to die if such be the will of God ? Perhaps these painful threatenings of illness which I do so very often suffer from, may be sent to keep uppermost in my mind the uncertainty of the tenure by which we hold our lives. Perhaps I shall soon feel better ; at all events, whatever may be our future circumstances, I earnestly pray that we may cast our care solely upon Him that careth for us, and always remember that the Lord keepeth him in perfect peace whose soul is stayed on Him.



SCHOOL LIFE.

The summer of 1824 saw her begin her life at school. She so earnestly longed to improve her education, that she voluntarily decided to leave home for a time, though her strength and spirits were neither equal to the effort. She remained at school but for one much interrupted year.

Friday night, April 30.—I have thought seriously how far it would be worth my while to make up my mind to the sacrifice of going to school for a year, in order to finish off my very deficient education. I am sure it would not be for pleasure, but I think the delight of again coming home would be nearly worth the pain of going there. I do not think I should very much mind the little deprivations of school, but I should like the opportunity of acquiring more hardy and independent habits.

Bath, May 27.

We have fixed that I shall go to school at Mrs. Oom's, Halkin St., London. The whole affair is entirely my own doing and my own decision, and I feel now as if I must sink under the effort, as if I had neither strength of mind nor of body to stand alone in a scene of life so totally new to me ; indeed, I can look for no peace or comfort there, except in full and unshaken confidence in my God and Father. On Friday I shall feel sufficiently miserable, I think, but there are such sweet and precious promises for my help

and comfort : " Thus saith the Lord, I, the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not, I will help thee."

Mrs. Oom's, Halkin Street, June 13.—Well, here I am, actually settled at school ; I can hardly realize it to myself, it is so amazingly strange to be actually a school girl. About ten we went up to bed, I may say I did with feelings of warm gratitude and thankfulness to that tender and merciful Father who had so far smoothed my way before me. Some part of the day they all read an hour and a half with Mrs. Oom in two classes ; one is reading Gibbon and the other Bigland's View of the World, and I am incorporated with the Biglandites. I thoroughly enjoy reading with Mrs. Oom ; she is so intellectual and so very kind.

Halkin St., June 20.

To her Mother, after a very bad nose bleeding :—" I will try to be comforted, and indeed to look for rest and protection to that Friend who is indeed never failing. I do also fully believe that it would be a wonderful increase to my comfort and quietness of mind if I could more entirely throw my whole care on Christ. I fear that in the hurry of my letters I have expressed some of these things in a very odd and abrupt way, yet do not believe that I have not applied to Jesus for the comfort I have so much wanted. I have gone up into my little room in the course of the morning, and having locked the door, have most fervently prayed for the helpful and cheering presence, of which I know the power and the efficacy ; but my lowness has been very great."

Sunday, June 27.—I entirely feel that a time spent in unbroken order, regularity, and industry, is extremely good for me. At Hampstead I was so constantly overdone by one excitement or another, that I had no spirit for settling regularly to lessons, and mamma was constantly uneasy at my unsettlement and want of regular employment. Here everybody is busy, and therefore I cannot help it, and slip into it, and enjoy it.

Cromer Hall, Sunday, September 5.—My sweet brother Fowell is now with me, talking and playing. He is the most engaging child possible. I hope I do not love him too much. O what inexpressible anguish it would be to me to lose him. He is extremely fond of me, and my chief pleasure and delight. I cannot express how much I love him. He is now just three years old.

Sunday Evening, Sept. 19, Halkin Street.—Mamma came with me as far as Earlham, and we had some quiet time together. After I was undressed, we had a most interesting little time with dearest papa. I cannot say how very great a privilege it has been to me to be allowed, frequently lately, to join their little meetings of an evening; and my dearest father's prayers for me have been most extremely delightful and comforting to me, especially on that Thursday evening his supplications were earnest, and, I do believe, effectual on my behalf. It was certainly deeply interesting, and most highly valuable to me. Nothing could exceed the sweet and affectionate way in which he took leave of me the next morning. I thought of it over and over again in the course of the day with

tears of affection and gratitude. We went to Norwich in the carriage, and at the inn we found the coach nearly ready to start, so I, not without many tears, took leave of my most beloved and precious mother, and got into the coach. It very soon set off, and I was quickly carried away from dear Norfolk. The hours seemed to pass very slowly, and I must say that altogether it was one of the most fatiguing, low, wearisome, melancholy, tedious, and disappointing days of the sort I ever passed.

September 26.—The accounts I receive of the dear autumn party are truly tantalizing to me; however, I have throughout all my clouds, the inexpressible comfort of knowing that I am following the path of duty, and of entirely believing that in following it, I shall be assisted and supported by the same Almighty hand which has been so mercifully stretched out for my assistance and comfort on many former times.

Cromer, Panks Lodgings, Oct. 26.—How much I have to say since I wrote my journal last. A month ago, in Halkin Street, I felt a slight headache in the morning; it grew rapidly worse and worse; it gave me a great deal of pain to swallow; I was quite unable to hold up my head. Mrs. Oom, after some little hesitation and consultation with the apothecary, sent me to Hampstead. For days I was very ill. My disorder was decidedly scarlet fever, though of a favourable kind. When I found out that it was so, I was much startled. I had an extreme fear of scarlet fever, and some of the hours I passed in bed, most wakeful, were awful ones to me. I was deeply struck with the nearness of death, and

most powerfully awakened to the sense of my own unfitness for it.

When recovered, she set off for Cromer with her mother, and thus writes: "As we were making the best of our way across Newmarket Heath, all of a sudden we stopped, as one of the front wheels refused to go round, being on fire. The postillion ran for a pail of water, which caused an amazing hissing, but did not put it out. We were obliged to get out while they endeavoured to take the wheel off. As we were pacing up and down the Heath, a sort of jockey looking gentleman came up to us and offered to take us to his house, which we accepted. Mamma took his arm, and off we set, marching across Newmarket Heath. It was dark, though starlight, and very cold. I should think we walked nearly a mile before we reached the house. I was extremely tired, only having walked with assistance a very little way before. We were ushered into a comfortable parlour. They were extremely hospitable to us; gave us tea, and we sat talking a long time expecting the carriage. After having waited about an hour and a half, word was brought us that they could not get the wheel off, and that therefore the carriage was perfectly immovable; so these kind people immediately offered us their carriage. At length we set off again, but our misfortunes were not to end here. We were happy to reach the Three Cups, at Newmarket, and had got everything out of the carriage, when we found that owing to the races there were no beds to be had, or at least none that mamma could bear to sleep in; so, tired as we

were, we were obliged to pack up again, and once more try our fortune in a post-chaise. We reached Parton Mills in safety about 11 o'clock."

Tuesday, November 2.—Before dinner mamma and I had a long conversation about all my employments and plans. All the spirit which I felt at Mrs. Oom's seems departed entirely from me ; however I cannot say how much I desire to render home as happy as I can this winter, and I shall put down here the resolutions I have formed : if I fulfil them, how happy I shall be !

First, there are two things which I wish to keep always in mind as the basis of my conduct, good humour and self-denial. I wish, whatever is proposed, if I dislike it, to object quietly, but never to be put out ; to watch over my manners towards my beloved mother with the strictest care, never in the slightest degree to fail in respect towards her wishes, but to labour to assist her in every thing, and to smooth her path. I say nothing about my tender affection for her ; I cannot reproach myself with failing in that, but I wish to shew more fruits of it by denying myself to assist and satisfy her.

Towards the dear boys, I most fully intend to be very affectionate ; and not to attempt to govern them, not even scolding them, but giving my mind, whenever I have the opportunity, to please and amuse them.

The same towards my precious Chenda ; to endeavour to attach her to me by love and gentleness, without attempting to manage her. As to my own employments, I will fix the hours for them,

and then make it an absolute duty to adhere as strictly as possible to them, yet without holding myself in an unreasonable bondage.

Sunday, November 28.—Mrs. Oom has consented to receive me on the 6th January. Now that that which I have indeed earnestly desired is obtained, I cannot express how much I shrink from the pain of leaving home.

Halkin Street, Sunday, January 9.—Here I am settled at length in my own place, in this study. The rapid flight of the hours of the last week at home was like losing drops of one's life blood ; I was foolishly "careful about many matters." On the Sunday evening before I left home, we had a very comfortable little time together, (mamma, the boys, and I,) It is delightful, yet excessively tantalizing to me to think that they are probably now sitting round mamma's fire ; if they are, I am perfectly sure I am not forgotten. What a pleasure it is to feel certain that you are truly loved, and that sincere prayers are probably at this very moment ascending to heaven for your best welfare in every way. I am sure my heart is as full of earnest desires for them, whom I so ardently love.

Sunday, January 16.—I do miss the retirement and comforts of family intercourse, and I feel the want of object very much. They are all going on with their weekly employments. How difficult it is to keep up any thing like warmth in such an atmosphere ! It can only be by the guidance and protection of the Lord, "by the good hand of my God upon me," as Nehemiah

so beautifully says, that I can be preserved. Oh! may it never leave me nor forsake me.

Friday, February 11.—A day to be always remembered with true gratitude. We went to the riding school, where they put me upon a nasty black horse, which I had not before ridden. I went on prosperously for some time, till at length in the setting off of a canter, it first started, proceeded a little, tripped, kicked, and fell; and, accordingly, I found myself flying over his head and under his feet. Mr. Stanley, the riding master, who was providentially by my side, saved me extremely well. He was off his horse in an instant, and got me from under my enraged steed, who was plunging and struggling very much. I was thankful that mamma was not there: what a mercy my deliverance was to me! I cannot say how strongly I do feel the deliverance from such imminent danger: I was perfectly unhurt! Poor Mr. Stanley sprained his ankle. I got on again on Favourite, and had my kicking lesson afterwards, which I thought was very good of me.

February 25.—How convinced I am that it is regular business and not extraordinary pleasures which makes one happy. This day I have attained the age of seventeen. How surprising it is, I scarcely can believe it, and how very very rapidly the five years since the birthday of 1820, which was passed at North End, have gone by, though they have been so full of incidental events to me. I hate keeping birthdays and making a rout, but I think they should not be suffered to pass over without some pause and very serious consideration. It has been a painful feeling to me to be

away from all my dear family on my birthday ; the first I ever passed away from home. After eighteen, if I live, I do not expect to have much time for education. I am then to show and give to my parents the fruits of my education, and devote myself to Chenda and the poor. I am full of good desires, but to realize them is quite another matter ; but I will work this year, if I am spared, with all my power, at history, French, Italian, drawing, and dancing.

Tuesday, July 5.—As we were at luncheon, the Duke of Cambridge unexpectedly arrived. Mrs. Oom went to him and fixed with him to come in the evening. His Royal Highness arrived. Mrs. Oom soon came and said that he had inquired for me, and took me in with her. He was extremely polite and gracious, and spoke about my grandmother. He talks and fidgets incessantly. The conversation turning upon history, Mrs. Oom told me to get my period book, which he looked over and admired very much, and my books were all honoured by his royal inspection ! He and Mrs. Oom soon began to play, and I stole from the room.

Thursday, July 7.—And now, having come to the end of my time with my dearest Mrs. Oom, I must express the lively thankfulness and gratitude which I feel for the tender and supporting arm which has constantly been with me throughout the whole. How I have prayed for support ; and it has been granted me ; and more than that, everything has been so overruled for good, that what I so much dreaded and disliked has turned out

the most profitable, and, I think, the happiest period of my life. And now, how I do desire that my beloved parents may reap the effects of the sacrifices they made ; that they may be satisfied with me, outwardly and inwardly ; and, in short, that I may settle into the young woman, and fulfil my duties in my home, the better for having been this year absent from it.

August 23.—On Wednesday night we had a sweet little meeting before we went to bed. Aunt Fry prayed most sweetly for her beloved son John, who was to be married next day. There was a general rousing of the house at six o'clock next morning. We all got up, put on our wedding apparel, except the finishing strokes. At meeting, dearest aunt Fry, who sat next to Rachel, the bride, knelt down, and broke forth into one of her finest strains of prayer and praise, and pouring out of her heart for them. It was deeply interesting. Then Wm. Allen got up and preached a sermon, not quite to the point, and rather too long for the occasion. Just at the close of the meeting cousin Elizabeth Fry rose, and preached a short but impressive sermon, especially to all the young people assembled, on "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Cromer, Sunday, Sept. 11.—I am considerably, though gradually, raised out of my low estate since I last wrote ; partly owing, I believe, to the pleasure I have enjoyed in the company of my beloved friends Mary Ann and Catherine Hankinson. They came the day before I last wrote my journal, and we have been constantly together since. Their sweetness and affection, and their cheerful and pious influence has done me good, and I have been a

great deal with them bathing, reading, walking, and riding together. We are reading "Burnet's Own Times," and it answers well. Mr. Tacy has been here one day, which was very pleasant. No one has such a quickening effect upon me as he has. His standard in spiritual things is so wonderfully high and elevated above the world.

Earlham, Saturday, Sept. 24.—The Norwich Bible meeting was interesting, but too long. We returned to dinner, where there were seventy-six people. Uncle Joseph said a few words both before and after, and aunt Chenda sung the grace after. It was a truly interesting party. Mr. Rocafuerte, the Mexican Ambassador, Mr. Simeon, and a great many clergymen were there: the drawing-room and ante-room both quite full. The next day the Jews meeting was tolerably interesting. There were not above thirty people at dinner; I thought the party pleasanter. We had a most amusing evening: in the first place they began to sing hymns, which led to Mr. Rocafuerte's repeating, in a beautiful manner, some Spanish poetry. Then we wanted Mr. Gamboa (his friend) to sing, which he would not do, but we girls besieged him for about half an hour, and at length made him sing. Then he wanted us to sing, but I, fortunately recollecting Cowper's passage on Liberty, repeated it, with which they were much delighted.

Monday morning.—The next morning uncle Joseph's reading was delightful. All the gentlemen went off to the Slavery meeting: it went off capitally. Papa made one of the best speeches he ever made. There were fifty people at dinner. I must say that I looked

very nicely, and papa said he was quite proud of me! The dinner and evening were interesting. Dr. Lushington made a good spirited speech after dinner. The ante-room and drawing-room crowded. The next day, after another charming reading, the party broke up.

Tuesday, January 31.—I have had one thing which has delighted me, that is, papa told mamma that I was the greatest pleasure to him, that I was a delightful companion to him, and really added to the comfort of his life. O how can I be thankful enough for this very seasonable help on my way. He yesterday told me himself the same thing, and said that I had not done one thing to vex him since I came home.

Sunday, Feb. 12th, Devonshire Street.—Here we are once more. On Friday we started at five o'clock and reached Bilney about eleven, and at the lodge I met my dearest friends. O the joy of that meeting, how great it was! We walked up to the house and saw Mr. and Mrs. Hankinson, and then sat down in their schoolroom and had a famous gossip. Most thoroughly did we enjoy being together. On Monday the two girls went with me to Runcton. Aunt Harriet really is an angel; I never saw any thing so radiant in loveliness, grace, and sweetness, as she is.

In April, 1826, she went abroad with her uncle and aunt Cunningham. They travelled through the south of France and Switzerland, and were absent nearly seven months. The fatigue and excitement of this journey were far beyond her strength; and, besides the continuous journeyings, a great number of ela-

borate sketches were achieved, and a minute description of the places visited was written in her journal. At Geneva she was attacked by nervous fever, from which she slowly recovered, but she never overcame this shock to her constitution. A few lines from her foreign journal are here added :—

Avignon, Sunday, June 4.—Yesterday morning we left Nismes. We breakfasted at a little inn near the Pont du Gard, in a very romantic rocky situation, and with a lovely garden. I here saw the “*Filature â soie*,” a very curious sight. Two girls were employed in it. They had a copper full of boiling water with a fire underneath, the cocoons were put into this, and the silk wound off them by turning a wheel. Two threads were made at a time, six cocoons going to each thread, and these threads were almost as fine as I could have imagined any thing to be. One girl turned the wheel ; the other stirred them about in the water, cooling her hand from time to time in a pan of cold water. They never appeared to break, but when one was done, she joined another on with admirable facility, and threw the dead chrysalis out, which the chickens eat. Her way of finding the ends was very curious : she took a little broom of twigs and whisked it about in the water among the cocoons, and when pulled out, all the ends were hanging to it.

Geneva, Saturday morning, August 26.—At length I sit down to write my journal in a state of considerable agitation and excitement, caused by our arrival at this place ; by great bodily fatigue ; by the reception of deeply interesting letters ; by being

suddenly brought into the middle of the circle here of persons of whom I have heard much, whom I want to know, and among whom I feel strange.

Lausanne, Maison Rockal, Sept. 30.—It is now a month since I have been able to write my journal, and what a month it has been. I trust in some respects a deeply profitable one to me. I went to bed that night with much headache, and passed a night of high fever and great conflict, such as I did when I sickened of the scarlet fever, and had the same feelings of desolate wretchedness in being absent from my beloved mother. Well, it was soon declared to be a bilious nervous fever, and for a fortnight I was very ill, and had deep suffering to go through, though the fever took a favourable turn.

In November the party returned to England.

Cromer Hall, November 28.—No words can describe how interesting every well-known bush and stone were to me as we approached Cromer, and at length when we drove up the court, I was out in an instant, and made but one bound over the hall and up the stairs, till I found myself in the arms of my adored mother, crying for joy, and O, I trust, also for thankfulness. Oh! how can we ever be thankful enough for the tender mercy of our God which has conducted us every step of our way, and has at length vouchsafed to unite us in peace, health, and safety, under this dear roof. All looks well and happy: everything seems flourishing. Chenda has advanced wonderfully, and chatters French with great ease. Fowell is most lovely in a new dress, which, for the present,

greatly engrosses his heart. He was in raptures at my pretending not to know him.

On the baptism of her brother Edward, she thus writes :—

Jan. 29.—Mr. Tacy arrived, and our family reading was charming—on fervency of spirit. O how I need it. I am so dead, so cold, so soon discomfited, have so little of the glow of the love of God in my heart. This morning after breakfast, he took dear Edward alone; and then we had a most interesting reading all together of part of the 6th of 1st Timothy, on which he commented most beautifully, especially on that verse—"Therefore, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness," that is, perfect integrity; godliness, that is more particularly the cultivation of the affections; faith, love, meekness. After this, we set off for church, and an interesting party assembled round the font. The service was indeed beautiful and applicable, and Mr. Tacy performed it with great solemnity and deep feeling. Dearest Edward looked most interesting, sweet, serious, and deeply impressed. He made the responses well, with much solemnity of voice and manner. There was a peculiar savour over the thing, and one could not but feel that the presence and blessing of God were with us. O that it may indeed be with him, dear fellow. How I do desire that he may be a good soldier and servant of the Lord Jesus Christ till his life's end; that he may be kept from the snares and pollutions of this world; and, finally, brought to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled that fadeth not away.

Cromer Hall, July 3.—She writes of her father's alarming illness at Ham House:—On Sunday morning mamma went to meeting, and I stayed with him. He lay on the sofa, as I thought, asleep, in a torpid state. I read a little to him, but not being able to get an answer from him, I sat perfectly quiet. By the time mamma came home I was frightened indeed. They sent for leeches. We got him upstairs, he every moment becoming more torpid. The awful truth by degrees opened upon us that he was lying in a state of unnatural insensibility. Oh! never can I describe what it was; the horrors of the valley we appeared to be entering burst upon us, and despair was on every side. But the scene cannot be described; may it never be forgotten. I can scarcely bear even now to think of my dearest mother's sufferings. It was pronounced pressure on the brain, and very alarming. Then dear uncle and aunt Hoare arrived. Aunt Fry and uncle Sam were almost the principal nurses. The night was a most awful one, every hour seemed to increase the dreadful suspense. He was totally insensible. We assembled round his bed, and aunt Fry, who was through all like a ministering angel, burst forth into a song of praise, commending him to God, and beseeching His care for us all. Dear aunt Hoare also prayed. A degree of hope shone upon us, though there were many bitter moments. On the following Thursday he was pronounced out of danger! Aunt Gurney was through it all a most inimitable mistress, taking care of everybody so tenderly, never in a bustle, up to everything. I cannot describe the extreme kind-

ness we received from everybody : the inquiries and sympathy expressed by friends and strangers. In the House of Commons it produced quite a sensation.

October 20.—I have begun to learn Greek with Miss Glover. If I am ever able to read the Testament I shall be delighted : and my ambition goes no further. Last night I wrote a long letter to Catherine Hankinson. Certainly the entire, complete sympathy between her and me is very remarkable. We seem to understand one another as if we had but one soul. This may sound romantic and girlish, but it is really true ; and, consequently, my connection with her is altogether of a different character to that with any one else in the world.

November 22.—On Sunday, my dear father, so incomparably sweet ! at night told me that for the last few months I had been an inconceivable pleasure to him ; in short, I may say we do enjoy each other's company thoroughly.

November 25.—We have been to church this morning, since which I have had a most delightful walk with my dearest, dearest father. He was in such a mind ! We talked most delightfully about all manner of people, of things, slavery, Mauritius, &c. His mind was beaming ; his affection for me inexpressibly delightful ; in short, it made me feel most happy.

Just before finally leaving Cromer Hall and settling at Northrepps, she thus writes :—

Cromer Hall, Jan. 23.—It is a curious, and, to me, a melancholy scene. I cannot help reviewing the time we have spent

here ; it seems but yesterday since we came here, seven years and a half ago. How—

“ In a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.”

How interesting, yet how melancholy, it is to look back ! They have been indeed, very important years to me.

Northrepps Hall, Feb. 4.—Here we are ! This day we have entered our new abode ; begun this new stage and section of our lives.

God only knows what is most for my good and happiness, and to Him I do altogether, and very solemnly, commit the whole of my future destiny. He has promised that mercy shall compass me about ; and oh ! is not this sufficient ? God grant me a more hopeful, quiet, believing heart ! Dearest mamma looked tired, and, I thought, low, when we went up to bed. After some conversation, we knelt down together, and I was much relieved by pouring out my full heart for her. I sometimes think that I have no feeling, except on this one point ; but here I have the most acute feeling, the most intense love that I can conceive, and that without any mixture of selfishness, although she is of the most incalculable, unspeakable importance to me every day and hour ; if she is away every thing loses all its charm to me ; all I do is prompted and stimulated by her ; I apply to her in every case ; in short, no one person can be more dependent on another than I am on her.

London, March 2.—On Thursday, 28th February, the dearest Hankinsons came. I was alone at home, and delighted to greet them. We have settled very diligently this week, and most truly have I felt the happy influence of it, though I have been at times very poorly indeed. We have masters every day and plenty to do besides. On Friday I felt so low about both my dearest parents. That night they called me into their room; my dearest father prayed most beautifully, for direction, in his own case especially. There is a richness and an originality in his mind which are most charming. My heart felt so full as if it would burst, and, to my own great surprise, I poured it forth with floods of tears. It was a great relief.

Tuesday, April 8.—Charley was at meeting on Sunday morning, and did not like it at all. He was afterwards heard telling the cat all about it: "Puss, do you know they're such naughty people here; they never go to church, and they didn't take off my hat, and they sat and sat such a long time, and at last an old woman stood up, with no ribbons on her bonnet, and said something—I don't know what—and afterwards we went on sitting a long time, and I was so tired; and don't you ever go to meeting, Puss!"

Sunday, May 25.—On Friday I went with Chenda to Mr. Ross, where he took a sketch of us together. I shall enjoy being in a picture with her, dear child, how I do love her. She is a great pleasure and treasure to me.

Again settled at Northrepps, she thus writes:—

Friday, August 22.—My father and I had a most charming ride. I do wish I could put down what he told me about the shipwreck in 1823: I must try and give his own words. “We were shooting at Sheringham when the storm became so violent we came home, and the ship (the Duchess of Cumberland) was then driving on shore. I ran to the Preventive House; as I was going I saw the tiles blowing off the houses. We got the Cromer gun, and with very great labour dragged it along the shingles, endeavouring to keep up with the ship, which was striving to keep off the shore. We saw it was impossible, the wind and the waves were too strong; and nearly under the lighthouse she struck. The lifeboat came up, but became quite unmanagable among the breakers, and, in spite of all we could say, the men, except four, jumped out one after another. I said to Johnson, ‘If we got in would they follow?’ He said, ‘Perhaps they might,’ and he and I jumped into the boat. He got out again to try and persuade them to come in, and at that moment a wave took us out to sea. One of the men exclaimed, ‘we shall all be drowned.’ I thought we were in the greatest danger, but considered our only chance was to remain firm in the boat, so I put my hands under the seat and held tight; happily, the raging breakers threw us again on the shore. We left the lifeboat, finding it altogether useless, and proceeded to try other means. We perceived that the ship had thrown out a piece of wood with a line to it; I saw it on the top of a wave; and at that moment resolved within myself, ‘That wood I’ll have, or be

drowned.' I made a plunge at it, and, after a violent struggle with the breakers, I obtained the piece of wood ; but then the string was gone. If they had fastened it securely we should then have established a communication, and they would probably have been saved. The waves increased in fury, and the tide continued rising, till we were obliged to retreat to a ledge half-way down the cliff, and against this the sea beat with such violence that we thought it must give way ; Davison came and said so to me. I said, 'Well, we cannot help it, we must stay to see the end.' We continued firing, but could not get the rope over the ship. The men were very much afraid of shooting, but I said I would take the responsibility. All was ineffectual. We stood looking at the devoted vessel till, by the sudden blackness which overspread the sea, we knew that it had given way. I never shall forget the tone of voice in which one of the men exclaimed, 'Poor, dear hearts ! there they go ! poor, dear hearts !' Some one said, 'Let us all make a rush and save some.' We all ran in ; I was somewhat the foremost. The waves brought a quantity of planks and boards, which dashed against our legs ; and, after being two or three times knocked down, we saw a man coming in on the top of a wave ; I made a spring at him and caught him, but the wave threw me down like a child, and flung me over the man's body ; the people behind dragged us up immediately. The man was insensible, and I was more dead than alive ; I could not walk a step, but was dragged up the cliff half drowned. I was unable to do any more ; but another

man appeared and was saved in the same manner ; the rest of the crew went to the bottom !”

September 24.—Overstrand church was rather pleasant ; Mr. Wilberforce’s behaviour quite edifying. Nice dinner and evening, Mr. Wilberforce most beaming in mind ; I have never seen him brighter. He is altogether a glorious sight. The honour that encircles his hoary head, the brilliancy of his genius, and the light of mind, contrasted with decrepitude of body. We read some of Forster on Decision, which induced no small conversation. I shall not easily forget the manner, the glowing, lively way in which he exclaimed, just as we were breaking up, “How joyful and how pleasant a thing it is, brethren, aye, and sisters too, to dwell together in unity !”

Sunday, October 25.—After church I was very faint ; I know not that I ever felt worse. However, I would not have had it otherwise, for darling Catherine Hankinson came home with me. I lay on the bed ; we read and talked and had a sweet afternoon and evening together. We read Chalmers’ sermon on “The Natural Man is enmity against God.” Her company is delicious to my whole soul. She and I have the most perfect union of mind. We see things and persons in the same light exactly ; we understand one another fully with a word or a look, or almost without either. She never disappoints me. I feel an ever fresh delight in her. What a precious friend ! what a gift from Heaven !

In the beginning of the following year they returned to London, and after an interval she thus writes—

May 9.—Read the Review of “Peter Bassière’s Letters.”* I believe I’ve not mentioned the birth of our child, Peter Bassière by name. He saw the light, I think, about a month ago, and has had a prosperous life hitherto. We printed a thousand copies, which are nearly sold. It has met with great approbation, and been well reviewed in the *Christian Observer*, &c. I am thoroughly pleased with its success. This has been quite an interest.

Monday, May 18.—To the hospital. Read very seriously in St. John’s Gospel to a poor young woman, who has become wonderfully softened. Several gathered round and I was carried on to address them strongly. I then went to my poor Irish woman, one of my former party following me. She said she had thought continually of what I had said, and that she would have to thank me for ever for it. I felt great doubts about her understanding, and, feeling most deeply my inability to teach her, chiefly insisted on praying for the Holy Spirit and the teaching of God.

On Thursday I went again to the hospital; had a very nice reading in the cancer ward, which is indeed an affecting sight, and, as it were, the end of the earth. The stillness, cleanliness of it, and the condemned state, as to this world, of its few melancholy inhabitants, are most striking; few, if any, of them will ever leave their desolate habitation; some have been there for years and have seen many come, and some depart only in their coffins. Oh! may they be enabled to find a strong rock,

* A book she translated from the French.

a refuge when every human help and comfort have failed, and may they indeed come to know "that weight of glory which shall prove this to have been but a light affliction, and but for a moment." It is a great effort, but one that always pays, to go to them. Yesterday heard that they have published three thousand of Bassière in Dublin, flattered and yet very much affronted, seeing that they ought to have asked leave ; however, if it does but do good, it does not much signify.

Again at Northrepps her journal continues—

Monday, July 27.—I cannot say how earnestly I long to be really industrious, not only to have my time filled and my mind amused, but to have these done to some good purpose, some real exercise of mind, something that should feed the intellectual powers and strengthen them. I am quite distressed at the passive manner in which I read and study. I can read an hundred pages with great ease and tolerable attention ; but alas, alas, I cannot conceal from myself that they pass away from my mind very much indigested and not turned to profit. I have thought that perhaps writing on some subject would bring my mind forwarder than continuing to pour in heaps of crude information. I post up into my own room, shut my door, open my desk, collect my books around me ; but when all nicely settled, I sit and muse, turn over the pages of my common-place book, read and re-read, and rise up none the better. I think I must lower my standard, give up my abstract readings of Locke and Ferguson, and betake myself to some more technical study, something that would be

more within the compass of my powers. If the morning produced only a grain, so long as that grain were satisfying to my mind, I think I should receive it thankfully.

About this time anxiety was first excited for the health of her brother John Henry, all means were used, both at home and in London (where the following spring was spent as usual); but proved of no avail. A little tour in the south was tried before the family returned to Northrepps in Sept., 1830, but he gradually sank till he died on the 18th of November, in the seventeenth year of his age.

August 4.—The journal is thus continued:—

We are really anxious about Harry: he coughs, complains of pains in his chest, and has rather a high pulse. The tendency is very trying; but I cannot believe the attack of much consequence. We have, however, been thoroughly tried by it.

Yesterday was his baptism. Soon after breakfast we went to Overstrand. The ceremony was peculiarly satisfactory and delightful. I do believe the covenant then made was owned of God, and that the Spirit of Adoption was in some measure amongst us. Owing to his delicate state, we dared not make much of it, but I think he felt it deeply; and I doubt not the many prayers offered for him, were heard and accepted.

August 23—Friday morning dearest Edward went away:* a thorough pang it was parting with him; yet, I think, we have real cause for thankfulness in the retrospect of these holidays.

* He was at that time reading with the Rev. Henry Elliot at Brighton.

I am sure I have, for these dear boys' sweetness and affection to me ; and, I trust, in some small degree for the fulfilment of my earnest desires of being a pleasure to them. Yet now he is gone, I recall many things to reproach myself for. How much solicitude and tender love and anxiety is bestowed on this dear boy ! I desire that all this may spend itself in prayer for him, and then, I believe, he will be blessed and a blessing.

Feb. 24.—I have been to the brink of the grave since I last wrote. In November, bad quinsy was followed by distressing and almost incredible weakness. I was exhausted next to death. It was a solemn season indeed. I have now been steadily regaining strength for three months, and am nearly restored to my usual health.

Surely the valley of humiliation is my abode internally ; not peaceful, happy humbleness of soul before God ; but painful, bitter mortification, vexation, and sorrow for my sin. I have the very, very lowest opinion of myself, that is, as to my inward heart, for externally I have a high opinion of myself. I know that I have many advantages and that I have considerable powers. I know that I am thought highly of by others, and I agree with them according to their means of judging ; but I, alas ! see deeper ; I see motives ; I know of broken resolutions, victorious temptations, and the power of sin, that are unseen by others.

In a letter to her brother Edward, she says :—

“London, June 2.

“Let us not despise the time because it is short. Life is so made up of small periods that the only way to make real use of our time is,

to feel that, while the present moment is ours, it is worth improving; and, if the time before us is ever so long, it is never more than the present moment to us. Our life now is very unsettled. I go on day after day doing nothing but writing letters and notes, and transacting little bits of business, reading, working, and drawing by morsels. However, we must submit to our circumstances, and only endeavour to keep steady in our inmost mind—fixed on a rock without wavering. Then, whatever they be, we shall have the same principles to guide us through them—the same consolations if they are adverse—the same ballast if they are prosperous—the same hopes, above all, to fix our eye upon, and to lift us a certain degree above them, be they what they may,”

Northrepps, September 1.—I could not but feel our return to be deeply and truly melancholy, bringing home our beloved charge, Harry, after the thorough trial and failure of all the resources we had to look to when we left home. It is indeed most disheartening. He remains as ever profoundly placid and patient. Nothing can be sweeter than he is, and showing forth every day and hour those fruits of the Spirit, which are the best evidences. Truly also do we see the peculiar, merciful, and tender care which is unceasingly over him, preserving him, in a remarkable manner, from all pain of mind and body, and, as it were, smoothing everything before him. Mamma fills the first place: his dependence on her is complete, and she is all to his mind and body that human help can be. I earnestly desire to fill the second, often just sitting with nothing to do, sometimes reading and knitting; and I do indeed feel it a comfort and blessing to be permitted to watch over him.

Extract from a letter, Nov. 5:—

"I have been very busy indeed this week with my new clothing charity at Little Northrepps. We had thirty-seven women assembled on Saturday in the servants' hall. I received their money, accomplished our business, and then made them a speech, a very striking one it was, I must say, and brought many of my audience to tears. Our assembly ended by their each having a famous plum loaf to take home. I sold them six prayer-books, and got twenty subscribers for bibles. Besides this, we are in the act of establishing an infant school. This has long been an object of my desires, and aunt Chenda, at last, with her magical touch, has accomplished it for me. We have chosen a poor woman, who can read and sing, and who has a good large light kitchen, for the mistress. I am sitting in the ante-room, dearest H. asleep, mamma knitting by him, papa asleep in the great chair, Christiana reading to them."

November 12.—Our dearest Harry is in a most sinking state. I think the step down for the last few days has been very decided. His cough has been severe, and the consequent exhaustion truly alarming. He does not any longer come down stairs, or walk at all; but, oh! truly may we say, "As the outward man decays the inward man is renewed day by day." His state is indeed most lovely and sweet. On Wednesday we all received the sacrament together. It was indeed an affecting, though most beautiful sight to see him; truly did he appear to feed upon the sacrifice of his Saviour, and practically to rest upon him for all his comfort. Oh! may our beloved one and all of us feel and know the everlasting arms to be underneath us. Make Thyself more and more manifest to us. Oh! strengthen and clear the eye of faith, that we may look not on the things that are seen, and which are so heartrending, but on the glorious,

happy, bright, cheering view of the things that are unseen and are eternal. Grant that we may leave in heart all these things, and only press forward to the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus. In this there is consolation. Pity us, Lord, in our deep weakness and sorrow; thou seest our hearts bleed under this heavy trial and separation.

Friday, Nov. 19.—How can I but write! Our precious beloved one is gone; his dear spirit most gently departed yesterday afternoon. Oh! how can I give an account of the days. It has indeed been passing through the valley of the shadow of death; but oh! I may also add, "The Lord has been with us: His rod and His staff they have comforted us." I could not fix the moment of his departure, but was told of it by an expression of sleep falling over his countenance. We knelt down after my father, who was supporting his head, had closed his eyes; and he returned thanks for having had such a child, and for having seen him brought safely into the haven of everlasting rest; the work perfected and finished, he, preserved from the sorrows and dangers of the world while he lived in it, and quickly and mercifully taken to his Father's bosom. My beloved mother added a few words in a strain never to be forgotten—"May we indeed be enabled from our hearts to say, Thy will be done, and not only now, but through all our lives. When we want him, when we miss his precious company, may we ever be enabled to say, It is well; and to look back on this day, ever acknowledging that it was right."

Thursday, Nov. 24.—The funeral was to me personally a day of almost indescribable affliction. I did not the least expect it to be what it was. I looked to a deadness of all feeling, but mine was the acutest and bitterest grief. Never was the loss before me in such colours. I cannot say what it was to leave our beloved brother there; and as I walked with Edward and Chenda, the dear child with us because she had no brother to walk with, I could not but as it were writhe under the idea that I was the eldest and Chenda the youngest of nine, and that there was but our Edward between us!

Sunday, Jan. 31.—So here ends our Northrepps stay. What shall I, what can I say? My heart would choose this motto—"Thou which hast shewed us great and sore trouble, shalt bring us up again from the depths of the earth, and comfort us on every side." It has certainly been a memorable time; it is written on my heart: deep and bitter sorrow is its prominent characteristic; but there have been at times heavenly consolations, as well as the apprehension of solemn lessons. May the evil be purged away and the good ever remaining. There have been moreover many great and precious alleviations: of these I wish I had preserved more record, especially our invaluable tie with the cottage. Few people in the world understand me like aunt Sarah. Anna is as ever a most unique and noble creature. I am increasingly at ease with her, and love as much as I admire her, which is saying a great deal. My dearest father has been a lively pleasure to me this winter. I love most

dearly to be any help or pleasure to him; this I have been in measure allowed to be: my intellect is feasted by his conversations and writings, my understanding exercised, and myself strongly stimulated. My sweet Chenda is a very bird: lively, lovely, and most affectionate.

The beginning of February found her again in London, entering into all her father's interests, who was called to great exertions in the Anti-Slavery cause. She writes:—

Devonshire St., February 17.

To C. E. Hankinson.—“Did I tell you of our large Anti-Slavery party on Wednesday? It was a fine assemblage of excellent and interesting people—twenty gentlemen, lords, M.P.'s, &c. Mamma did not appear. My father chose I should; and aunt Fry was to come to be with me. Just as we were assembling we heard she could not come. My father and uncles would have me, so down I went and sheltered myself in a corner of the sofa, and got through with considerable *éclat*. My father introduced everyone to me. It was most interesting. Their conversation and debate were well worth hearing. Uncle Hoare sat at the top. I begged Lord Nugent, with whom I went down, to let me sit near the door, that I might make my escape; but I stayed a long time after dinner, it was so interesting. I am glad I was there. My father's mind is turning more and more to immediate emancipation. Slavery, slavery, is more than ever our topic. We have numbers of people to breakfast on it, and our evenings are prone to be very full.”

March 26.

To her brother Edward.—“The Anti-Slavery meeting went off nobly. There were between three and four thousand people present. Exeter Hall is a noble building. My father spoke first, and delightfully I must say. He was amazingly cheered, and was in the highest popularity all the meeting. He lectured the people upon the elections, and said, among

other things—‘If a candidate tells you he is a friend to amelioration, with a view to extinction, vote against him.’ We roared with pleasure at that. ‘Vote against him, I say.’ We cheered immensely. When some one drew a parallel between the Jews in Egypt and the Negroes in Jamaica, my father got up, and quietly said—‘I beg to correct the rev. gentleman; he has omitted one very material point, and that on a subject of which I hear plenty in the House of Commons, viz., compensation. In the case of the Jews there was compensation, for we hear of the slaves going out with jewels of silver and jewels of gold.’ We were delighted, and made a fine noise. The tone of the meeting was to install my father as leader of the cause.”

April 23.—At five o’clock this morning my father returned in high glee. Reform carried by one! a most anxious, close run; a critical division; ended by a roar of triumph. “We screeched finely,” he says, “some waved their hats, others threw them into the air; the Speaker scolded, but they heeded not; and had at least the pleasure of making a noble noise at their own suicide.”

Sunday, August 7.—London still. Our little party, now reduced to my beloved parents and myself, having separated for an hour or two this morning, I am determined to seize the opportunity, and, as Herbert says, “tumble up and down” a little the contents of my mind. How precious is the Sabbath! Oh! this invaluable pause! it is the only thing, I sometimes feel, that keeps me as it were alive, or in a degree of safety. The weeks are one incessant stream of business and care. Happy, happy for us that we are obliged to stop the wheel one day in seven, and look a little what course we are steering. Mr. Simeon

spent a week with us, we were almost too busy ; but I felt it a great pleasure having him. He is certainly a wonderful veteran soldier, richly clad in the whole armour of God. We paid a very sweet visit to Ham House, They are such a charming party, and everything about them is so bright and beautiful, that it is to me a refreshing sight to see them, and I felt all the better for it.

Northrepps, Sept. 17.

To C. E. Hoare.*—"I have indeed been very, very busy, and I must add, very happy. My return to this most endeared place has been so very pleasant, so sweet, so cheerful, and so complete and happy, that I thoroughly enjoy it; and I rove from flower to flower and from tree to tree with positive delight. My objects, too, have been far more tempting than I could have hoped for. Mamma and I read the Bible and Milner together in the morning. I have been after my school sundry times, and find it going on essentially well, though 'in the rough'—a good attendance, popularity, and some degree of spirit. It is a fine field to work in, if I can but keep up my energy and learn the trick of talking to babies. The poor have received me most cordially. The women are all to come here to eat a dinner and hear a speech from me next Thursday on the subjects of a clothing-charity, the school, punctuality, cleanliness, bible subscriptions, and vaccination! To-day, though the sky was grey and the air raw, I sallied forth, after luncheon, for a solitary trudge into Northrepps, and took a sketch, besides paying many visits. This effort, as usual, turned out wholesome and invigorating to the mind and spirits, and I hope I may learn to take the dose constantly and cheerfully."

October 23.—On Sunday we all went over the hills to Overstrand: it was to me a very affecting occasion; and I regretted

* C. E. Hankinson married, Sept., 1831, to Samuel Hoare, Esq.

having exposed myself to it. The party of the living, healthful, once happy companions of him who sleeps under the sod there, was too striking a contrast, and I could only wonder, as I often do, how we remained alive to tell the tale of his early end. The monument put up there to the memory of six brothers and sisters, all younger than myself, does indeed speak to my heart in most melancholy tones.

November 10.

To C. E. Hoare.—“How wonderful are the daily workings of Providence !
Well may we say, that—

‘God unfolds by slow degrees
The purport of His deep decrees ;
Sheds every hour a clearer light
In aid of our defective sight,
And spreads at length before the soul
A beautiful and perfect whole.’

Let us all strive to learn the lesson, that experience worketh hope. Sometimes the nothingness of time, the infinity of eternity, do so come over me ; the measureless distance (in value) between the things that are seen and those that are unseen ; the necessity of redeeming the short remainder of our time ; and the strong sense of the reality and nearness of the eternal world. I have had long, and for both mind and body, medicinal trudges alone to the village and school. I hope I shall go on thus. I do wish and pray, I may say, to be diligent and cheerful, and I am in good hopes. Deeply sensible as I am of the indulgent love and tenderness of one's parents and others, yet I am well aware that the world in general will like, love, and approve, according as people please it and deserve well of it ; and, I believe, this holds good, in an unknown extent, even in the tenderest relations of life. The most genuine love needs the unsublime support of its object being of use. The great secondary thing for happi-

ness is to be loved and liked, and one great duty is to wear a cheerful countenance.

* * * * *

I believe, in a case where a person is without the ties of husband and children, there is all the more occasion to put out as many tendrils as possible. Aunt Catherine Gurney is a striking instance of this. With the right mixture of independence, she draws interest and happiness from each of her nephews and nieces: the heart is therefore kept in a healthy state of use."

December 3, 1831.

To the same—"I have read my portion of Isaiah, and two chapters of "The Rise and Progress," which I am going through again. I have had such quiet, happy mornings in my sitting-room this week—almost the happiest part of my days. Now and then in solitude I get a little draught of fresh, sweet water, for which I do so deeply thirst; and there is more than this, I know, to be had—there is sanctification, redemption—there is peace, as well as life. Oh! that I may experience it; oh! that I might taste oftener some drops of the River of Life—that River which maketh glad the City of God—and of which, oh! blessed, glorious hope, we shall one day drink without measure. I thirst for the sweetness of grace, for joy and peace in believing, and look with longing eyes for that harvest of the fruits of the Spirit, which, as yet, I have but little tasted—'Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, faith, goodness!' I have enjoyed reading Isaiah; the promises of the future kingdom of Christ are delightful to me, and I have dwelt much on that. 'The glorious Lord shall be to you a place of broad rivers and streams.'"

January 7, 1832.

To the same—"I have enjoyed my valuable hour every morning with my chapter in Ezekiel, and yet I own I hardly know what to make of such chapters; I don't think we see them verified, even spiritually, in this world; and yet certainly their straightforward reasoning is for this world 'showers of blessings.' What a promise! Well, we shall have them in

heaven, if not before! and it is well we should learn to long for them. Yesterday was our darling Chenda's birthday—twelve years old! What an era in our lives was her birth! She is most precious, and one of our greatest treasures. I dread setting our hearts on anything, it is dangerous work for us; but I do think if there is anything I love it is that child. The text for her birthday I have felt with inexpressible desires that it may be realized to her—'The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.'"

London, April 1.—My thoughts have been chiefly occupied about my most beloved father, whose birthday it is. My tenderest love has indeed hovered round him, would it had been more embodied into prayers for him; but alas! it is easier to muse and to wish, than to brace up the mind, recall the flying thoughts, and address oneself seriously to the throne of God. Oh that we may see his health confirmed, his spirits cheered, his hands strengthened, his cause upheld! Oh that Thou who hast indeed showed him great and sore troubles, wouldst comfort him on every side and build him up. I am entirely employed in his business; sometimes very much pressed. It is a great privilege and enjoyment too, and I am so thankful to be of any use. His tenderness and consideration towards me exceed telling.

Dearest Edward has been at home. Continual thirst after all that I wish for, in, and from him, is in some degree satisfied. He is in many respects a lovely plant, and gives strong evidence of the root of good principle. I am sure his conduct in little things is very striking, truly forbearing, amiable, and humble, is he, dear, dear fellow.

Yesterday, the Anti-Slavery meeting most interesting and memorable: my beloved father's speech the best I ever heard. May I never lose the vivid picture of him as I saw him yesterday, the beauty and majesty of his appearance, the perfect grace of his manner, the energy and force of every movement and gesture. He stood like a living colossus, and I looked at him till I could bear it no longer. Mr. O'Connell succeeded. I waited for my dear father, and came home with him. We had a large party afterwards, aunt Fry, Mr. O'Connell, and others. I sat by Mr. Johnston, a young Scotch M.P.

The following August she writes from Northrepps to her brother Edward:—

“Northrepps, August 28, 1832.

“My dearest Edward,—We have been going on very peaceably since I wrote last. Papa, I must say, is taking his fill of idleness, sauntering about with his two black dogs at his heels, reading Sir John Barrington, riding and sleeping; but it seems to take him more time to unbend this year than usual. The ladies are settled at the cottage, but aunt Sarah is sadly weak, can hardly stand or walk alone, but all alive and glowing in mind and affections. She could hardly creep up the gallery on Sunday, and papa carried her down; still like herself she was full of spirit when once settled in her corner, directing the singing, speaking to everybody, and enjoying the sermon. In the evening Chenda and I went down to see them, and quite a delightful visit we had, they were so bright! We read in the Bible, and Anna's comments were most first-rate, short, pithy, the result of thought and research, and rather critical. She is a noble creature. * * Here a long interlude, during one of the gleams between the showers, in which we have been picking up apples among the wet grass, feeding the horses in the field with them, paying a visit to the pigs, the chickens, the puppies, &c., and, finally, dirtying ourselves all over with transplanting

nasturtiums from the wet beds to the still wetter wood. We follow you with lively interest, and trust you may be preserved from every evil, have much enjoyment and profit, and not forget, under every circumstance, however trivial, to hold fast your profession, holding up a high standard whoever you are with, not forgetting that the great business of life never ceases, and the completion of it may be called for at any moment! May a blessing be about you, and all of us, every moment, till we get beyond the reach of danger!

“Ever thy most loving sister,

“PRISCILLA BUXTON.”

About the anniversary of her brother Harry's death, she writes:—

Nov. 20.—These have been days of considerable feeling with us, the recurrence of the time of year necessarily causes it. My dearest mamma has looked affectingly low, but what can we say? “He sleeps well.” I have a strong sense of repose, completeness, and perfection over the whole thing, and my feeling strongly is, “We bless Thy name for Thy servant departed this life in Thy faith and fear”; and oh! the desire that we may also be admitted to the heavenly kingdom. In myself I have felt happily cheered and stimulated, enjoyed reading by myself, and have also a sense (a very new one to me) of real pleasure in the school and village. I could not but think with surprise, and I hope true thankfulness this morning, that I was glad it was the day for my reading with the poor! How sometimes are the mountains and hills made plain before one's face. Teaching the school I have really enjoyed, no one but myself can know the wonder of this; may it be continued.

December 16.—Our dearest Edward returned on Thursday night most blooming and very delightful to me. His mind is decidedly maturing. He now leaves college and goes to business; may the spirit of power and of a sound mind go with him. My dearest father has successfully fought his battle: we heard of his re-election yesterday. He was very affectionately supported by the Weymouth people, and says in his letter, "My only desire is to spend my life in the service of Him who gave it, and of His creatures."

We have had the great and rare privilege of having aunt Fry quietly settled with us for nearly a fortnight. I have been so impressed with her powers, as well as her extraordinary graces, that I feel as if almost I had never known her before. I want to gain a hint from her in the great art of being delightful and pleasing to others. Why is it that every one rejoices to see her? Why is half an hour of her company a positive treat? I think it is her mercifulness, her excusing palliating principle. Perhaps in some cases this may be carried too far, but at the same time in point of loveableness, it is the thing to be aimed at. Her constant politeness and attention to all is almost unequalled. Her liberality of feeling, no narrowness, acknowledging and seeing the good in all dispensations. Then her prudence. You may safely trust yourself in her hands, she is so prudent, so cautious, she never does allow even her tacit sanction to anything said against, or to the disadvantage of those to whom she is bound. She is the centre of a large circle, and the

confidante of all: but nothing ever comes from her but what is soothing, softening, and sweetening. "In her tongue is the law of kindness." You cannot get her to say a word against any person; nor does she think a thought against them. She sees the bright side of people; O that I could acquire this most lovely and loveable habit! Another remarkable point in her conduct is her scrupulous veracity: in the relation of circumstances, how strictly truthful she is! It is one of her great charms and claims to confidence and dependence. And how is the value of all these lovely points increased, when we know the root from which they spring; not the external desire of pleasing—not the spontaneous growth of a beautiful temper and disposition (though both these act in their right places)—but from the lively remembrance of the account to be rendered. She said in our committee that she was morning, noon, and night under the deep impression of her responsibility towards others. Here is the secret of all her sweetness, all her forbearance, attention, politeness, mercy, and diligence; and a most impressive example it is. To have her safe at leisure in our house is a perfect sight. Her spirit and company are *répandu* among us and in our family. Her ministry, too, most choice; and we have delightful sittings all together of a morning up in my room, reading Simeon's Sermons on the Spirit, and talking, &c. She is lovely, and as great a mistress of Christian truth as Mr. Simeon is a master. My dearest mother is the only greater saint in the world, I think; and dearest aunt's company is really like breathing balm.

Again settled in London, she writes :—

54, Devonshire-St., Friday, Feb. 8, 1833.

To her aunt Sarah and cousin Anna.—“ My dearest annt and Anna,—I begin to write to you this morning as a natural part of the life. I suppose Northrepps, its hall and cottage, are still standing. My feelings are as if they had sunk and vanished like a dream. Your letters were a sugar-plum to us at Earlham. From thence we posted to Holbrook, where we received such a warm, cordial welcome, next day to Colchester, and yesterday evening arrived here. Our arrival was most characteristic: papa and Edward gone to the house, Miss Glover and Miss Jarvis to bed, the drawing-room table spread with newspapers—English, Jamaica, and Cape parliamentary papers and bills. We all laughed, but had tea and snpper and went to bed—the charms of the latter I need not tell you—but scarcely had I ceased to heed the peculiar intonations of street cries, than mamma came in to me with the news, that papa was very happy, for that the ministers had agreed to undertake the abolition of slavery! This is, to say the least, a cheering ray for us—the smiles on my father’s countenance are no little joy to see—and I am struck with his confiding, untenacious, and humble spirit, so willing to retire into the back-ground, so perfectly indifferent to the glory of the thing, yet so careful in leaving nothing undone on his part, freely parting with his best and most laboured weapons if it seems they will do more execution in other hands. We are so entirely getting into our stream again. This morning, at breakfast, in came a letter from Lord Snffield to be answered; then no sooner had the rest dispersed, than (I was standing by the fire) another quick knock; and, to complete the perfectly London feeling, in marched George Stephen. I could hardly help bursting out laughing; however, he seated himself and began. Soon papa’s head and shirt peeped in, and he had his breakfast, George S. talking to him all the while. Altogether, the well-known effect of everything made me fancy that our six months’ absence had been a dream.”

February 25.

To her aunt Sarah,—“ I feel as if I had just attained a platform in life (25 years old), and am looking around me, beholding my inheritance. I have

climbed up to full mature life, and have now to take my stand among those who are fully embarked in the business of it. Maifold are my thoughts on this; but I have found a most beautiful verse in Ezekiel which I wish to rest upon; and oh! may I practically and daily make it my choice, as I do most sincerely and deliberately now: 'I am their Possession,' saith the Lord of the Levites. 'They shall have no inheritance in Israel: I am their Inheritance.' May He give it—give the heart to love it—give all that is needed. Your note, my dearest aunt, exactly speaks my feelings. 'There is a River,' certainly; may we but taste it—content if it be only drops, and filtered through some mud—on this side the grave!"

The following extracts refer to the great Anti-Slavery interest :—

April 11, 1833.

To her cousin Anna Gurney.—"We all admire and love your zeal and that of your old women. We, in our way, are as busy as you, I think. Edward is hurrying from place to place, attending committee meetings, and we at home are writing nearly all day and sending off books. The old women are welcome to sign. The flame is spreading far and wide. Devonshire is going to send five hundred petitions, the West of Essex three hundred, and fifty from the neighbourhood of Colchester. Papa does so enjoy your letters! Certainly the intelligent children may sign; not the babes. Papa is sure Anna invented that criterion."

Hampstead, April 16.

"Now, after a week's absence, we return to a world of agitation. The delegates meet to-morrow. More than two hundred were expected when we last heard. Edward is gone to speak at a great meeting at the Tower Hamlets. I am now going off by stage to be with my father."

London, April 19, 1833.

"How beautifully you have done your part of our work! just like yourselves, to be sure! We always keep your letters for a *bonne-bouche* for papa. Well, now for our Anti-Slavery Parliament, which is going to conclude its

session and its existence by a grand public dinner at four o'clock this day. Their meeting yesterday was highly successful, interesting, and encouraging. There were three hundred and thirty-nine delegates assembled in Exeter Hall, from two hundred and twenty-seven places, to meet the Anti-Slavery Committee. Uncle Gurney was put in the chair; and most admirably he performed the office, with the greatest good humour, decision, and firmness. They all came home very much pleased, my father's brow much lightened, and those who have a less weight, in high spirits."

"Evening, half-past ten o'clock.—I find myself alone, just come back from the dizzy sight of four hundred gentlemen at dinner, lights, speechifying, and clapping in proportion. We have indeed had the treat, the very great treat, of seeing this unique and memorable assembly from a little morsel of an invisible gallery near the roof of the great hall in which they were. There they were assembled, from all parts of England—clergymen, merchants, magistrates, squires, besides, as might have been expected, a large body of those who are undervalued for being always on the right side—Friends and the Methodists. The spirit in which they have all come together has been wonderful; such energy and self-sacrificing, and, at the same time, such unwonted forbearance and unanimity. My father's tact and powers of winning have never been more displayed. It is his coronation day as leader of the cause! though he, if possible, deserved the crown far more when he was fighting alone than now when he has that army at his back."

"Saturday morning.—They met again at Exeter Hall yesterday morning, then went in a body on foot to Downing-St. I was told that they formed a singular and wonderful sight. There was a rush to get in, and the great room was immediately full. Their mission was thought to bear its full weight with government; and my father seems, on the whole, well satisfied with the minster's reply. At four o'clock, as I said before, they met for the dinner. When my father got up to speak, and the long continued cheering was at an end, you may fancy our interest. He spoke, indeed, most beautifully: touching was the display of his mind, which he unveiled more than usual—his deep sense of the Providence that had attended their course,

which he retraced in a variety of instances—his hopes for the future—the motives and principles on which they should act. One of the best speeches that followed was uncle Gurney's, which astonished everybody. About nine, we came away, congratulations flying on all sides—far, far too sanguine, I know, these things make us."

April 28.—Yesterday we had a charming party. It consisted of ten M.P's, all of one mind—ten thoroughly devoted Christians—Lord Mandeville, Sir A. Agnew, Sir R. Simeon, Sir H. Verney, Sir G. Grey, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Plumptre, Mr. Forster, Mr. Johnston, and papa. I thought it a memorable, comforting, and most interesting sight. They, with four more who were not present, compose a little club who, every night, drink tea together, at nine, and have reading and prayer afterwards. It was a fine sight! My father was one of the original four who began it. To assemble them in our house was no small privilege. In the evening, Mr. Plumptre read and prayed delightfully.

May 5.—How my heart has been drawn out in desires for our Slavery cause, which comes on next Tuesday week, the 14th! Really the interest of it is become intense; and if the ministers fail on the 14th, what shall we do? what will the poor, unhappy sufferers do? Oh! that fervent, effectual prayer might be abundantly poured out at this most important crisis. To us personally it is of such immense importance. May the compassionate God hear the sighing of the miserable and our earnest desires! My dearest father's health and comfort are so involved in it that I feel it one of the most important turns in our lives; but it may

slip past, as so many have, and come to nothing. May the spirit of prayer be given about it—this is my principal desire.

May 7.

To her aunt Sarah—" 'Come down' to you, my dearest aunt! No, indeed; in this the crisis of our fate we must live or die together! Uncle Gurney proposes a grand 'jollification'—may it, oh! may it but be so in our hearts—on the 15th. I shall eat white bait and drink hock (which are to be the tokens of our joy) with zest indeed! I shall have to embalm some of the little fish as memorials. But, seriously, I am laughing on the edge of a precipice, for most thoroughly burdened, cast down, and anxious have we been. You must know, we have taken infinite pains about our petitions, of which our house has been full—four hundred we had collected—and I have been like a queen bee over them, indorsing, folding, packing them in order, and making out a grand list. Mr. Macauley says there were one thousand petitions presented last night."

Dagenham,* May 11.

To the same—"I long, if possible, to send you a line this morning, though I do not know if we can attain to the post by any means. Here we are in our singular retirement—my father, Chenda, and I—living out of doors on the rich bank which is over-flowing with grass and flowers, and looking at the beautiful river bank—there it lies, stretched out, its lovely reaches glittering in the sun. Altogether I have tasted some real enjoyment in the exuberance of spring in this place; but far more have I rejoiced to see my dearest father wandering about without his hat for hours together. He has, however, been reflecting too deeply during these walks to leave me quite at ease. Nothing can be more interesting, as you can imagine, than this seclusion with him, at perhaps one of the most important periods of his life."

London, May 16.

To the same—"After this letter, I think I must burn my paper and pens, and give my poor wrist, which is really worn out, and always aches, some rest. I am tired, most utterly tired, of writing, and of everything connected with

* A fishing cottage near the Thames.

work. As to petitions, I only wish I might never see the face of another. What a bad mind you will think I am in! The fact is, I am exhausted, and the almost constant uneasiness in my hip frets my temper, I am sorry enough to say. Now, having vented my complaints, I think I shall be able to brighten up and tell you our story. It is useless to remember the worries of a few days ago, when my father was in such trial and suspense, awaiting the answer of Government. The relief of Dagenham I can hardly describe. It was a wonderful help for him to be out of reach of letters and visitors, though we had daily expresses from London. I wrote lectures to a few of his best and kindest helpers, about his health, making the worst of it, to teach them to let him alone. I felt strongly that his position towards the Government was a good one. It seemed to say—‘I give you up in despair, and am gone away, till you make an overture I have done with you.’ Nearly all Sunday we left him alone, drifting about in the boat. The next morning at seven o’clock we left our pleasant sheltering nest and returned to all manner of business and discussions. I spent the whole day, till nine o’clock at night, over the petitions at Devonshire House, till the great mass became far too heavy for us to move or roll over. Next day I rode with my father, and in the evening we went to the House. A vast number of Slavery Petitions were presented. His turn came last. He asked leave to take out a deputation of members to bring in our monster. So he, Mr. Evans, Mr. Johnston, and some one else, disappeared, and returned and heaved it on to the table, amid loud laughter and cheers. It produced a great effect. We then listened, for three hours and a half, to Mr. Stanley’s capital speech (announcing the Government plan for emancipation), followed by Lord Howick’s. There was quite a levée in the Ventilator—many ladies, and gentlemen, too. Mr. Stanley was there frequently, Mr. Johnston constantly, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Morpeth, &c., &c. We came away at about one. My father was delighted. ‘My work in life is done, since I have lived to hear my own doctrines from the Treasury Bench.’ ‘Emancipation is effected.’ ‘The thing is done.’—These are the phrases on his lips.

“Ever yours (half dead), P. B.”

In ending a volume of her journal, she writes :—

July 14.—My dearest father seems well and in good heart, and this is the principal thing. I cannot express one-hundredth part of the feelings with which my heart overflows about them all: my precious mother, dearest Edward, growing daily into an established and delightful character, our blooming Chenda and the two dear little boys, my precious namesake, and her yet more precious mother, and all my dear beloved friends and relations. Oh! my good and gracious Heavenly Father, Thee I acknowledge in the past, to Thee I would commit the future! I would be thine, whether in life or death! Take me and make me thine own, redeemed by thy Son, sanctified by thy Spirit, thine now and for evermore—PRISCILLA BUXTON.

Sunday, August 11.—We may indeed say: “In all our danger and necessities, stretch forth Thy right hand to help and defend us.” May the fulfilment of this be indeed our experience, for now is the time of our danger and necessity. Dearest Sam Hoare lies very, very ill; the fulness in his head and often returning bleedings from the throat are indeed dreadful. We are struck with amazement and alarm! It seems as though the earth under our feet were shaken. Oh! may our hearts be fixed; may we learn the lesson intended by this startling visitation, and oh! still more, if it is not wrong, may the blow be averted. He is described as in a most child-like state, apparently closely resembling that of our precious Harry, not able to say much, but evincing the most lovely spirit of preparation and reliance. What

he does say is sweet and instructive indeed; and of his blessed state we can never entertain one doubt. He is indeed redeemed, sanctified, and already, as it were, almost clothed in white. In his precious and most deeply afflicted wife there appears to be a gentle work of preparation carried on by a merciful hand. Oh! may she indeed be uplifted all the way through, above the sad waves which are now rolling over her earthly path.

Hampstead, Sept. 27.

To her aunt Sarah.—“My dearest aunt,—The account of your Bible meeting is highly interesting. I well know that things go on, whoever is away; and I also know that in these real and living objects, the more the sorrows and uncertainties of life are felt, the more the true remedy is prized. Dearest Edward's speech I am sorry to have missed, but I treasure all the accounts of it with the most lively interest. What a blessing, my dearest aunt, what an unfathomable blessing, to see the question decided as to him; to see his side in life chosen. I have thought much of this since I left home, and surely it is a comfort for us which ought to overbalance many a blank. Our journey from Northrepps was prosperous. I had a real pleasure in reading Pascal's ‘*Lettres Provinciales*.’ My father gave them me as we started, with such strong recommendations, that I thought I must try to get through some, so to crabbed old French and a small print I settled myself, and wonderful indeed I found it. At Upton we met the warmest reception; they gave us tea and supper. The kittens came in; the deer to the window; papa began romping with the girls: in short, you may figure the party, as mamma says, they are like ‘a nest of young doves in a large open cage.’”

Northrepps, Oct. 4.—I must try and retain some memorial of my visit to Hampstead. My dearest friend and I were at times permitted to taste something of the fountain spring of genuine consolation in the contemplation of time and eternity, and in

giving up to sorrow the short pilgrimage here. Sunday, the 29th, was a memorable day. After dinner we assembled in the library to receive the sacrament with dearest Sam, Catherine Gurney, Aunt Cunningham and my father with us. Robert Hankinson administered it in a delightful manner, and indeed our hearts were drawn out. We met on that solemn and precious ground, the ground of all our hopes, and met, as it were, there to part.

“Oh soothe us, haunt us, night and day,
Ye gentle spirits, far away,
With whom we shared the cup of Grace,
Then parted—ye to Christ’s embrace,
We to the toilsome world again.”

Oh ! may the rest be true of us !

“Yet mindful of the unearthly strain
Practised with you at Eden’s door
To be sung on—where angels soar
With blended voices evermore.”

Sam spoke of it afterwards with great comfort, saying at night, “What a rich day.” I went in the evening with Robert to the lower chapel, which was cheering. At night, with dearest C.; my heart was wrung for her, but I could but sit by and sorrow for her. The next morning I had a very valuable conversation with dear aunt Hoare. May I treasure in my heart the remembrance of her deportment at this season. My father’s ministrations had been delightful, and she was really strengthened by them. When dearest Sam came into the library about half-past twelve, I went

in with Cath., read him some of Doctor Philips' Letters, &c. When Catherine went down to luncheon, he said almost to my alarm, "Pris. shall take care of me." We sat some minutes in silence. He then began to speak, but with his voice painfully interrupted by shortness of breath. "We did meet yesterday, and on solid ground," alluding to the sacrament, on which he dwelt some time with peculiar feeling, expressing great enjoyment in it. After a pause, he began about himself, "I do not think I am at all better, I think I have rather gone back the last few days," and then added, "I am very happy, if it were not for Catherine," (with many tears at the mention of her name,) "I should have very few clogs." I thought it was rather a relief to him to weep, and could only join him, for what could I do, or say? He spoke of our tie, "that precious tie, which has indeed grown with our growth, and been entwined with almost every circumstance of our lives." Is it possible that I shall live to see his course closed? Him on whom I have been in the habit of leaning, to whom I have so often referred myself, whom I have so long loved, and to whom I looked as one of my greatest stays for life! Soon we recurred to the glorious theme of consolation. I said there is a blessed hope. "Oh!" he replied, with the greatest animation, "How often do I think of those words 'that blessed hope' hundreds of times, that blessed hope and the glorious appearing." Seeing him exhausted, I took up the book and began to read, with how many and how deep feelings I cannot say, but may I never forget this conversation with my dearly

beloved cousin and brother! Soon dearest C. brought in their smiling unconscious child, and put her down on the carpet. She laughed and crowed and never showed herself more lovely and engaging. He looked at her with pleasure and tender love, but I thought was too much affected by it. Yet I am glad I can tell that precious child of the look of benediction her dearest father gave her.

October 30.—The post last night brought us the not unlooked-for, yet truly overwhelming intelligence of the actual departure of my beloved cousin. I cannot realize or believe it, and it must be a work of time to make me take in the extent of this vast and irreparable calamity, for so I regard it to us all for life. Oh! may a measure of his spirit descend upon me—his upright, steady, rooted spirit of duty and of truth.

Nov. 5.—Saturday was the funeral. We all met in our deep mourning, the cottage ladies with us, and uncle Joseph, who had come from Earlham. Oh! how solemn was it thus to assemble in spirit round the grave of such a beloved friend and brother. My dearest father read most of the service, and after a solemn silence he prayed, giving thanks fervently.

On Sunday evening we had a large assembly of our families, friends, and neighbours—above seventy. After a hymn, my father read, spoke, and prayed most beautifully. The testimony to my dearly beloved cousin was music to me. After a pause, uncle Joseph began; his sermon was excellent, I think, for many present—(how easy it is to be edified for others!) He spoke of

dearest Sam's last words—"I am thine, O Lord," and put it to all whether they could say the same—whether they had entered into covenant with the Lord and were His.

December 31.—Here expires the memorable 1833. Where, what, and how shall I be this day year! Do Thou decide, O my God; take the year for Thine own, keep and bless it, let it elapse under the shadow of Thy wings and find us and ours nearer Heaven.

"Devonshire Street, April 15.

"Here I am once more; and here at last I trust we are going to settle, having known little of that for ten weeks past. Since I wrote last I have been a good deal at Hampstead; and the last fortnight taking a delightful journey with aunt Fry and P. Gurney. We went to Poole, Southampton, Gosport, and a charming tour in the Isle of Wight. I thoroughly enjoyed it—the variety was so great, and aunt Fry's company such a feast in itself. I delighted too in P. Gurney."

Northrepps Cottage, May 12.

From her cousin, Anna Gurney.—"My dearest Priscilla,—It just comes into my mind to give you a little sketch of our state and condition. I wish you could just now see us in our very quiet life at this moment, my partner playing some gay tune while I am writing—door open into the drawing-room. I often long to record the happiness of these days; but you might as well try to bottle the fragrance of the furze blossoms; and, after all, there is a shivery sense of its not lasting. So far, we are very comfortable, and tolerably prudent. My partner has just given up coming down to reading, so I expound Jeremiah to myself and Randall, &c. We have perched up a new gallery in the church (at Overstrand); it is over the door, and the organ is to stand there. It was not, however, finished yesterday; but the church was so full we were glad to tumble up my boys into it sailor fashion, a feat they much enjoyed performing for the benefit of our eyes. There were fourteen of them, and a diadem they

were to our congregation! not above two of them asleep, and the others far too delighted with their perch to think of absconding. I really am as pleased with my converts as St. Paul could have been with his 'saints that were at Ephesus,' and gave them much the same advice, viz.: to let all clamour be put away from them. I hope you will not think me in a naughty mind, for I am in a remarkably good one. I have had two days of fishing—a few soles that would have made your father sing for joy; no curiosities, but one nasty creature that I felt bound to preserve for Charles, and so I bundled it into my tract case, and he is such a monster that I now do not like to look for him and take him out. I send an extract I made the other day. Do not let your father forget that if he wants any Dutch books or papers overhauled, I can do it for him, and with great glee, if he will employ me."

Bradpole, June 11.

P. B. to C. E. Hoare.—"Being here suits me exactly—the perfect retirement from life is balm, and the simplicity and character of it very attractive to me. My dear aunt Forster's company is a great treat; her perfect *naïveté* and nature, and, at the same time, the inherent and acquired stores of her mind, and her most tender heart, and, perhaps, more than all, the flesh and blood sympathy and unity I feel with her, make it no little privilege to be with her."

Red Lion, Henley, June 23.

From her aunt Sarah.—"My dearest Priscilla,—I wish to write to you to relieve you about myself, for I am well persuaded your compassion follows me under the measure of bodily suffering now appointed me; and for your sake, my love, I wish to encourage you by acknowledging how much the Lord hath done for me, and my confidence in His care makes me glide more smoothly over the tops of the rough billows of life. When, through grace, I am assisted to keep my eye single, I am often refreshed by the possession of the gift of peace, and partake of the gildings of pleasure. Ease of body has certainly not been my portion, and I have suffered a good deal since we parted; but I have had no misgivings as to our course, and so many mercies attend us that I think we must be in our right road, and I

am comforted about my partner, and disposed to persevere in our course, though it is actually being called upon to walk by faith, rather than by sight and sense.

"Anna is delightful, buoyant, and brilliant, and we have been like lovers in this lovely spot. Dearest girl, you must come here if you will have a wedding trip, you could not fail to enjoy it, and to take a most favourable impression of yourselves, your circumstances, and everything; the union is excellent—of life and repose—mails flying over the bridge, coaches loaded, all good charities prevailing, friends dropping in to Henley meeting; and turn your head and you have the quiet stream, the verdant meadows, the majestic swan, and the pretty green gondolos of pleasure moored to this establishment to keep their Sabbath's rest."

The great interest of her engagement almost immediately followed her return to London. She thus writes of it:—

Devonshire-St., Sunday, June 25.—Since I last wrote I have been in doubt and darkness, but now I am in light and clearness, in wonderful peace and happiness, engaged to my beloved friend Mr. Johnston, delighted, satisfied, and charmed with my allotment. The inward repose, tranquillity, and pleasure I have since felt I cannot describe. To my God I render the praise, and only desire that He would take us under His most gracious and tender protection, lead us gently through our pilgrimage, and bring us in safety to Himself.

The King's Arms, Oxford, June 26.

From her aunt Sarah—"My dearest Priscilla,—So I have lived to see the day when I am to congratulate you on being engaged. I do wish you happy, blessed, and perfectly mated to your own heart's content, with all the powers of my soul. For myself, you must recollect that your marriage at any time must be an irreparable loss to me, and I can only strive to

keep down selfishness that I may heartily rejoice in all that rejoiceeth thee. Shall I send my love to Mr. Johnston for carrying off my idol? Well, give it and beg him to be generous, for he cannot know your worth as we do. Oh! if I might have had two years more, I have thought; but it must not be, and the sooner we plunge into our new condition the better.

"The letters here are delivered at eight o'clock in the morning. You may imagine me alone, reading that collect beginning thus: 'O Lord, our Heavenly Father, Almighty and everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day, defend us in the same with Thy mighty power,' when my man-maid put your mother's letter into my hand. When I again referred to the collect, you may be sure I included you in my petitions; for if I feel that I need strength from above to enable me to submit to the loss and change proposed for us, you no less need the assistance of 'Almighty power' to help you to accomplish it, and it will be a great mercy if you and I, and others also, are day by day so kept by grace 'that we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger, but that all our doings may be ordered' for us.

"My dearest partner is gone off with Mr. Duncan's elder brother to his museum. I am delighted to have her so indulged, she is really profiting by our journey, and it suits me so well that I am abundantly rewarded for any effort I made in seeking to meet her wishes.

"With dearest love to you all, I am,

"Yours most affectionately,

"S. M. B."

From A. G.—"My dear Pris.,—It strikes me you are making a great boggle about this business. If Mr. J. and you wish to have the pastime of a little bit of a wedding, why not? It would take up only a bit of a morning before the twelve o'clock sitting, and if he has not, poor fellow, a home to take you to, why! he could give you a tea in the Ventilator! and so do the thing quite genteely of his own rights, and then you could set off in the Scotch steamer for a honeymoon cruise, be out, say from

one Sunday to another, see all the outline of the coast from London to Aberdeen, and back again ; and then could not you keep Devonshire Street clean, as you once pictured, and have an allowance for soap !

- "Yours, A. G."

King's Arms, Oxford, June 27.

"My dearest Priscilla,

" 'Well, it can't be helped,' as the superannuated landlady said when she heard this morning that I had passed a sleepless night ; and so I say, for young ladies will be married, dear, and I must go on loving thee just as usual. I am well satisfied with your self-satisfied letter. I am thankful you enjoy your engagement, that was more than I dared to expect ; though as to your marriage I think we have all good confidence that your choice has been rightly directed. I cannot write much, I am rather weak ; but I have settled the colour of our wedding gowns for thee ! Blue-purple I should like as the Buxton line, if that colour be not out of date. I will have the nicest for thee, my bonny bride ! Thank you for writing to me ; and now, dearest girl, farewell.

"Yours till death, ever the same,

"S. M. B."

Sunday, July 13.—A fortnight of this memorable season has passed since I last wrote, and but a fortnight and some days remain of my engagement. I am to be married on Friday the 1st of August, and to go off direct northwards. I have been wonderfully preserved in calmness and tranquillity, and have never had a fear or a doubt. What I have to feel as to the beloved ones here I will not touch upon ; but even in this respect I am spared bitter pain, though my heart is moved to its centre, and drawn forth in inexpressible love towards them.

July 19.

To C. E. Hoare.—“The first of August is more and more the burden of every song. A medal is struck, which is good, though not perfect; and papers are flying about, saying, ‘rejoice! rejoice!’ and oh! say I, may there be showers, nay, a flood of blessings upon it! You can just fancy our state—the world collecting round us, presents, clothes, and finishings of preparations, Anna Buxton and Catherine Gurney staying with us. The cottage ladies arrived last night. My father is wonderfully struck with his magnificent costume for the day—his splendid blue coat, bright buttons, white silk waistcoat, and a new white hat! My things are very nice. The snow is not so white, and the light not so shining, as my white satin.”

Saturday, July 26.—It would be perhaps as well not to write at this juncture of my life; but I yield to the inclination. I am carried on wonderfully, yet there are some exquisite pangs to go through. My indescribable love to my dearest mother brings me into feelings which indeed I hardly conceived. Dear, dear creature, my whole heart is drawn out towards her; but I say nothing; I cannot venture hardly to touch or kiss her; dearest Edward, too, and Chenda, and my noble father; oh! how more than dear are they all! I have at times the fountains of tears opened, and a great relief it is. I long to be away from them, and yet how I do dread the aching sense of distance! Oh! my God, thou hast led me thus far, continue to uphold me, strengthen and maintain me.

Thursday, July 31.—Here is the eve of my wedding-day! Everything is done. I am going to lock up my desk and close my single life. We have got through most wonderfully, calmed,

sustained, and helped. Mr. Johnston, my most dear mother, and I, have had a precious time together of reading and prayer. Oh! that my dearest mother may find the breastplate of faith, and the hope of salvation an helmet, for her whole heart is drawn out in unspeakable love.



MARRIED LIFE.

Her own account of her wedding-day :—

Henley-on-Thames, August 2, twelve o'clock.

To C. E. Hoare.—“My most dear Catherine,—We have determined to stay at this delicious place till Monday, therefore we have a delightfully leisure resting-day to-day. It is wonderful what a power of enjoyment is given me; though I am rather tearful to-day, yet I am perfectly at rest. I do hope that some one will write for posterity, an account of our wonderful wedding-day. I think there never was anything so perfect in all its parts. It was to me a sight—the extraordinary beauty of the young people, the intense concentration of interest in the day, the perfection of the arrangements, the solemnity of the service, my father's reading and prayer, the presentation of the gifts, the toasts and speeches, the dresses and the flowers. I never enjoyed a wedding-day half so much. I must try and tell you the details.

“I had a troublesome drawing* to finish the night before, and our evening was one of overflowing excitement, and rather too great press. At twelve, the drawing was done. My mother, Edward, Anna, and Sarah Gurney, had sat up with me; and I then proposed a short reading. After a few verses of the last of Thessalonians I could not refrain from a few words of prayer, that we might fairly overlook all these things and fix our hearts on the real prospect before us—that we may there be united to those who are in the bosom of Jesus already—that to that we might look, as to our home. In the midst my beloved father came in. Upstairs I finished off several matters and wrote six notes, and rested well after all: breakfast was in the drawing-room. My dearest father read Psalm ciii, and followed it by

* See opposite page.

fervent prayer for the slaves, and then for me. After breakfast, I helped to adorn my lovely bridesmaid and sister, and soon Kitty, Elizabeth, and Pris. arrived. I was so bright! I let them all come into my room, and, in glee, I was dressed in my bridal white satin. The girls were a sight, one more beautiful than another. They were in fairy white, and all wore natural flowers, mostly in their hair. The scarlet geranium in Kitty's shining locks was one of the most lovely pictures I ever saw. But I am forestalling. At length I was dressed; my white shoes pinched me dreadfully, but the girls only laughed at my cramp. Uncle Cunningham came up to see me, and soon all drove off; then my parents and I. My bridesmaids were standing about the church door, and others of the party; many caught my hand as I passed and as I walked up the side aisle with my father; my mother and Edward next; then Mr. Johnston and Chenda. By the altar sat aunt Sarah and Anna Gurney. My father made a great muddle, and would hardly let me get to the rails, and, after all, settled himself on Mr. J.'s side! At length, however, we were put right—nearly sixty round us. Uncle Cunningham read the service to my heart's content. 'I will,' said Mr. Johnston, in so sturdy a manner, and so broad an accent, that I (inwardly) laughed. My voice and power were astonishing to myself; but I should leave others to tell of my superior behaviour. How each word seemed to sink into my heart! We proceeded to the vestry, where there was plenty of kissing and signing of names:—my father, Edward, and Chenda, Sir A. Agnew and Sir H. Verney, the witnesses. We drove home, Bessie and Pris. ready to receive us, and I felt quite in glee; we had cake and wine, and talked and laughed. I quite enjoyed greeting everybody, and felt thoroughly happy and at ease. My mother and I were alone for a few minutes; she was wonderful through the whole day, up to everything, attentive to everybody, and looking beautiful. After sufficient loitering, the party gathered, and my father took his place by the table in the drawing-room. He read several passages; and his prayer was noble—most bold and steadfast—first for the slaves, and, to my comfort, he found words for me, but with a faltering voice. Are they not more to me than silver and gold? I was relieved by tears; he came and sat by

me on the sofa while a hymn was sung. I could hardly detain him, till Edmund Buxton appeared, bringing in the salver. The inscription was then read—

‘To THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, Esq., M.P.,

PRESENTED BY HIS NEPHEWS AND NIECES,

AUGUST 1, 1834,

With the humble, but earnest desire that they may be enabled to act through life upon those high principles which have led him, with undaunted resolution, to pursue the noble object, by the blessing of God this day accomplished, in the

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY

THROUGHOUT THE BRITISH DOMINIONS.’

‘Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito.’

“You may imagine how the Latin at the end spoke to my heart! My father was extremely overcome; he burst into tears and threw himself back. It was a most affecting and interesting sight for all. Soon after this the children and youth all went into the garden and diorama. I finished off one or two little matters, talked to one and another, and came down to luncheon, flowering myrtle and pomegranate in my hair. The party, consisting of fifty-two, were all fittingly seated; our five bridesmaids opposite us were as beautiful a sight as could be. Everyone was speedily helped, champagne circulated, and, in process of time, Mr. Cunningham, in a very kind speech, proposed the health of Priscilla Johnston. They would all get up, and after my husband’s thanks and my father’s health, Mr. Cunningham, with his usual fertility, began a rigmarole about the descent of the ‘northern barbarians,’ ending with ‘Mr. Johnston.’ He could say nothing. I said aloud, ‘I think I ought to return thanks for the northern barbarian,’ which was received with great applause. Some lines were then read by Anna Gurney, which excited the astonishment of all. They proved to be Miss Hoare’s, and truly valuable and interesting they are; twice they were read, and a poem my father had got, and then I read to the company Cowper’s ‘Morning Dream.’ I

quite liked it. Soon after, we moved, and I very quickly changed my things and dressed in my dove-coloured silk, blue bonnet, white scarf and veil. I did feel it excessively when I took leave of my precious mother upstairs, with many tears. My father almost carried me downstairs, and would scarcely let me speak to anyone. All the world was gathered at the drawing-room door. I kissed the front row, and dearest aunt Sarah and cousin Anna in the dining-room; and we were off! By degrees I cheered, and we enjoyed the latter part of our drive, the evening being lovely. We reached this delicious place about nine. The accommodation is charming—three rooms in a row, overlooking the river. I am now writing in the evening, and we so enjoy it that we fix to stay till Monday, when we hope my mother will come and see us! I cannot express the peace and repose of this day, within and without; but I am utterly tired now. It has been one of the happiest of my life, I think. And now farewell, my very dearest Catherine.

“Your tenderly attached

“PRISCILLA JOHNSTON.”

London, August 2.

From E. N. Buxton.—“My dearest Pris.,—I must send you one line to-day, just to give you my dearest love. I can hardly yet believe that you are Mrs. Johnston; but I do most truly believe that no small blessing will accompany that name, and not to you only, but to us all. I fancy you enjoying the country and the river not a little. Our day yesterday passed off wonderfully well. May every possible blessing be yours.

“E. N. BUXTON.”

The travellers left Henley after a few days, and went on, *via* Oxford, to Derbyshire.

“Matlock, August 13.

“I am seated at a window overlooking a wonderful scene of rocks and wood. The rest of this place is delightful. Altogether, how wonderfully have I been blessed and helped! I seem, to myself, to have been ‘lifted along’ from one scene to another with perfect tranquillity. I know how

fruitful my nature is in pains and thorns ; but now it is as though down were spread for me everywhere. I fear my letters will be sadly flat ; you must expect nothing from me but effects and symptoms of *dolce far niente*."

"Halifax, Sunday night, August 17.

"My dearest Father,

"You would be edified to see us both busy writing ; but we absolve ourselves in Sir A. Agnew's words ; for my husband's letter is a work of mercy, and mine (I make out) one of necessity. We have had a very happy day in this disagreeable town, and heard an admirable sermon to-night from an Independent—a good anti-slavery man, I know, by the look of him—one of your abusers, I dare say. I continually wish, my dearest father, that you could see how well I am, and much oftener long that you could both look into my heart and see the repose there."

Northrepps Cottage, Sunday, August 24.

From her aunt Sarah.—"My beloved dears,—The sight of your handwriting is very affecting to me ; at present I can only meet it with tears, and walk about the room to bear it, the wrench is so tender and close ; I could think an aunt's wound can never be healed ! But you are so truly kind, that I really think my tears must only be those of thankfulness and love ! Your parents have given me to-day your letters from Windermere, and how I did feel what I read of your acknowledgment of thankfulness ! I unite with you in feeling, strong as your expression is, that yours has been 'a splendid entrance into married life,' and that no pair that I ever heard of ever surpassed you, and that it becomes us to bless the Lord and to be grateful.

"But when I came to the unlooked-for mention of my own name—when I read your hearty desire that our dear Chenda might be a blessing to her mother and to us all, I was touched indeed ! Dear Andrew, you afresh make me rejoice that you have the blessing of such a wife to live for ; and your sympathy makes me feel that you know what it is to lose a treasure, and you can be tender to an aunt in the loss of her own Priscilla. I have

been to Cromer Church this morning (I thought your parents would rather like the addition) and it was a missionary sermon. We got through it well, striking as it was, because our darling is living and with you! Chenda behaves beautifully to us all under our dilemma, and, the other day, when dressed in her bridesmaid's honours, I longed for you to look upon her; she is behaving precisely like Priscilla's sister: that is marvellous to me! The father, I fear, misses his secretary. In power and work, the child cannot supply the companion of years; and, in honest truth, I am more anxious for him than even for my sister under this privation of selfish happiness. I recollect observing to myself on the bridal morning, that I did not once hear my brother sigh; but such self-control will find its own vent and its own way of telling its own tale; and I think he is passing through the baptism and the cloud attending such a change! I do not write this to make either of you low, but that you may know again and again how precious you are to us, and that you may rejoice to return to us to make us happy when it is best fitting that you should thus indulge us. Farewell.

"Your very affectionate aunt,

"S. M. BUXTON."

"A word more. I suppose I am nervous about your parents, and if they move a finger I think it is in feeling about Priscilla; but, to be sure, they were so fidgetty at church! and I was so stifled with the effort of sitting with them, that I was obliged to take off my hat! Your mother moved her seat four times, and your father, I thought, had the cramp. The sermon was good, I thought; but at its conclusion, Mr. Buxton relieved some of my anxiety by informing us pretty loudly that he did not like it, and that he was of course tired; and when poor Mr. Tucker walked in, plate in hand, he turned his back and gave nothing; however, the rest of the party were more liberal."

At Glasgow they met Mrs. Fry, and went on together to the West Highlands.

“Loch Awe, September 3.

“My dearest Mother,

“Lo, here I am, transported, as if by magic, into the very heart of the Highlands! I wish you could see us in this far-away little inn, sitting with two ladies, with whom we are obliged to share our sitting-room; but I feel as much at home with my husband and aunt Fry as if I were at the Black Boys, at Aylsham. We have had a wonderful day's journey, starting at seven o'clock from Glasgow, steaming down the Clyde with aunt Fry, which we enjoyed extremely, delighting in the scenery, we telling her the whole history of our wedding-day. Then up Loch Long we turned, and arrived at Loch Goil head, a lovely spot, and proceeded in a queer sort of omnibus till we suddenly came upon that inland sea, Loch Fyne. We had a most stormy sail upon its waters,—

‘The billows high lifted the boat,
And the fresh blowing breeze never failed.’

I looked anything but very Britannia-like, squatting in the bottom of the boat, for I could neither stand nor sit on the side, but I enjoyed the spirit of it thoroughly. I cannot say the lively entertainment to me—of real Highlands, the bare-legged imps in kilts, chattering Gaelic, the gillies of a larger growth, the wretched cabins with the smoke coming out at the doors, the oat cake, and the fish!”

Oban, September 6.

To the same.—“We are nicely settled here; it is indeed an exquisite place. What a labyrinth of sea, and lochs, mountains, and, above all, Ben Cruachan. We fare sumptuously on black game and fish. A chicken costs threepence, and fish almost nothing. I think I never was happier, or so happy; being with dearest aunt Fry is a great pleasure. We had to-day a lovely excursion to Dunstaffnage; it was an equinoctial tide, and oh! such a shore of shells! all kept exclaiming, aunt Fry included, at the beauty and curiosity of them. It is a pain to me to go such a journey, so ignorant of geology, botany, and mineralogy; what fields of them have I passed with eyes shut!

"On Friday we went to Laird Mac.Alister's, (who had made friends with aunt Fry, and invited her and her party to pay him a visit at his place on Loch Awe) an enchanted spot we could hardly get at. First we had to skirt the lake for miles, seeking in vain for a boat. At last we reached a little deserted inn (for all the people had gone to harvest-) I blew the fire, aunt Fry found a table, and, by vigorous exertions, we soon found something to sustain life. In time, we heard that the Laird was coming for us; then followed such a Highland scene—he and his Gaelic rowers. At the house they gave us a truly Scotch reception, including the canonical accompaniment of hodge-podge, and sheep's head singed at the blacksmith's. We fought a battle with them about their beloved whiskey. They are a droll family, the mother a descendant of Flora Macdonald. The next morning they sent us in their large boat across. I can only wish I may never forget the lovely scene, especially after we left them and had ascended the opposite hill—the glittering lake, the mouth of the Awe, the many islands, and the boat with its scarlet flags!"

Parting with Mrs. Fry, they continued their journey towards Rennyhill. On their arrival there she thus writes:—

Rennyhill, September 24.

To her Mother—"Well, here I am settled, and quite entirely happy; I only wish you could peep at me this minute! But I had better begin in order. Very tremulous was I as we drew near, and through Anstruther saw 'nods and winks, and wreathed smiles,' and bows and curtsies. At last we arrived. First at the gate we saw Marr's pleasant face, and then Katherine Johnston, dressed in white, flew to meet us, and took us to the Laird, who gave me a feeling reception. He is very old, but rather a fine man, tall and stout. The house looked most comfortable, the drawing-room bright with flowers. My room (next to the drawing-room) looked as tempting as a room at Earlham or Northrepps could do. We had a grand dinner, and the Laird came into the drawing-room to tea,

after which we descended, in form, to prayers: there was a great Bible laid out, all the seats round, and we sang a paraphrase. You may be sure I went to bed full of pleasure and thankfulness. I cannot stop to describe the 'doocot,' the garden, the stables, the ducks, and the dairy. After luncheon to-day, we three, and two dogs, went for a charming walk—oh! so delightful to see the blue sea again, and to be walking in stubble fields and among turnips—a bright autumn day. The Isle of May is a lovely object; and turning one way, you see the Bass Rock and the Firth, the other way, the open German Ocean and the steamers, which you see to-morrow!"

"September 25.

"My dearest Edward,

"May I welcome you to England? I think so very much of your return that I must send off a line. I am indeed happy in this nest of repose, my mind is so at rest and satisfied: I cannot enjoy it enough. There is much about this place that reminds me of Cromer, though no beauty whatever on land; but the sea is charming, and, looking up the Firth, is very fine. I live (internally) in a world of the closest and most tender feeling about you all, and especially about my father. I cannot write to him, and I hardly can read his letters. I see and feel how the meridian sun is shining, and know so well its delights, that it is not without pain I can hear of them, his reading poetry, and speaking so charmingly, writing his own letters, riding, shooting, &c.; and yet I have to acknowledge it is best for me to be out of the stream of excitement, I always drank from him. I never strive now; I never lie awake, and do not talk much; but I am quite happy. I am thankful you are strong and well; it is one of the blessings I above all others desire; and often, I may say, it is my heartfelt desire that you may 'prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.' We read your letter of St. Bernard to the Laird, who was quite awakened by it. I cannot get enough of 'divine silence,' and still diviner idleness. Meditating on all of you, often very happily, takes up much of my time, thinking about the slaves, and on the wonderful history of the past."



The Isle of May.

September 26.

From E. N. Buxton, on his return from abroad.*—"So here ends our delightful tour; and how thankful we should be that we have all been brought home in health and peace. I feel, I hope, sincerely desirous that by God's mercy I may now recommence business with more desire to please and live to Him. If He only gives me some measure of His grace, what does the rest signify? This is what I say; though my general feeling is, if He gives me the rest, what does His grace signify? However, I rejoice in the thought that the work is His work, not ours, and we may therefore hope and pray that He will not leave us nor forsake us in it. I have thought very much of your settling at Rennyhill. Oh! I do most earnestly hope that the very choicest blessings may there rest upon you; that you may be blessed with health and peace; and, above all, that much of God's presence may be round about you. I have no doubt you are now reaping the benefit of the many earnest supplications you have offered up that you might be rightly guided as to your settlement in life. I think it is a remarkable instance of answer to prayer, and should encourage us all in every difficulty always to pray and not to faint.

"Most affectionately,

"E. N. BUXTON."

Rennyhill, Sept. 29.

P. J. to her aunt Mrs. C. Gurney.—"Here I am for the morning in this pleasant drawing-room, with my large comfortable desk and little table, &c.; I sit by the fire very snugly. I do earnestly desire not to make thorns in my nest, it is so peaceful, so resting. Yesterday was most interesting to me; we went twice to church. I am looked at and discussed enough as you may imagine—I think pretty well approved. One of my Scotch aunts likes me because I am 'so humble!' * * * How I can fancy your present seat, probably at your window at Earlam, and see that paradise in the bright autumn sunshine. Altogether, places and people are invested with a peculiar and new charm and interest; they soften in

* E. N. Buxton had been travelling abroad with J. G. Hoare and E. Hankinson.

the distance, and everything but their perfection is lost. This is not, however, to express any hankering. I was never nearly so happy in my life, the calm waters here are so welcome and like a bed of rest to me."

"Rennyhill, Oct. 30.

"My dearest Mother,

"This is my day for writing to you, as on Wednesday I always write to dearest Edward, with whom my correspondence is delightful. I am daily and perpetually impressed with the unspeakable blessing we have in him. His simple and practical religion, combined with his remarkable natural graces and gifts, make him to me one of the most faultless and entirely beloved persons in the world. His letters are delightful, and the tie and intimacy between us are among the greatest of my immediate blessings. As for myself, it is long indeed since I have had such a sense of the enjoyment of health and strength—not tired of a night, not languid of a morning. The health granted us both gives the zest to all our other blessings. The Laird scarcely ever leaves his room now, and takes very little. He is wonderfully amiable and submissive, reads nearly all day, but must have some one sitting with him, besides the cats and dogs.

"To-day we expect Mrs. Opie and the Browns, of Largo, to dinner. I shall make my husband be mistress; for I am sure I can't undertake to regulate this Scotch household, with all its plans of porridge, oat cake, broth, &c., which the servants seem to have allowances of, and I should be lost among the mountains of napery."

Bricklane, October 30.

From E. N. B.—"My dearest Pris.,—I have only time for a line to-day. I have written so often lately that I think you must be quite tired of my hand-writing. Many thanks for your very nice letter; I have been looking forward to it and triumphing over Gurney, who expects in vain any letters from his correspondents at Cromer. I am going on comfortably, on the watch to grasp everything that may increase my power and

influence. There never was a tyrant more ambitious than I am ; I wish to make myself so useful that they shall not be able to do without me. I fully subscribe to the truth of the text, that 'man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.' I expect it for myself and all of us. My chief desire respecting it is, that let it come how it may, it may work the change and purification of heart which it is sent to produce. Many thanks for Andrew's nice note ; I hope to answer it before long.

"Most affectionately,

"E. N. BUXTON."

Hampstead, November 17.

From the same.—"We enjoyed our large family party at dinner with pea-soup, and cold beef, and cowslip wine, as a sort of afternoon night-cap to sundry sleeping beauties. You can imagine the scene. I read a good deal to aunt of the memoir of dear Sam in the afternoon ; it is indeed highly interesting and instructive. I have thought much of this day four years, and of the treasure we had then. What would it not have been to me to have had such a friend and brother as he would have been ! It reminds me of the loss of a limb, the wound is indeed healed, but no length of time can ever supply the place of the member which is gone. However, there is cause for nothing but thankfulness on his account, that he should have been taken in his youth and beauty and spared the trials and corruption of this world, and translated to the bosom of his everlasting Father. * * * *

November 19.

P. J. to her Mother.—"On Tuesday we took Mrs. Opie to St. Andrew's, and then to dine and sleep at Largo. She made verses and sang them as we went along. The next morning we went to see her off by the steam-boat to Edinbro'. After luncheon at the manse we set forth, and my husband said we would have our reading when we reached the top of the brae, where I was to look at the view ; however, the top of the brae we were never destined to reach, for the horses resolutely refused it, and, after a great deal of struggling, they ended by landing one wheel in a

ditch, wherein also one horse lay down, and the carriage all but upset. We were both out before this, but being fairly vanquished and having lost the time, we were compelled to give up two of our distant visits and go to see Lady Bethune. Then to Balcarras. Our visit there was no little event—they are the leading people, tory exclusives, rich,—quite of a different order to any of the others. Col. Lindsay said, ‘send up Mrs Johnston’s maid.’ ‘Oh! Col. Lindsay, I have no maid, and if I had, I could not have brought her.’ ‘Well, that is exactly what I like.’ I could not but give a smile and a sigh at the contrast between the last time my white satin was put on by you and an admiring crowd of girls, and this time just fastened by a stupid maid, who did not know whether it was white or black! Delighted I was to get back at twelve o’clock to this bright drawing-room and eat roasted potatoes!”

“Rennyhill, 21st Nov.

“My dearest Mother,

“I am oppressed to-day by my husband having received letters which look very lowering on an election.

“The Radicals are all in the greatest excitement, and even Provost Dalrymple, his firmest friend and every way a perfectly honest man, urges him to pause before he stands again, saying the result is most doubtful, and appearances not good. Dissenters against him; and those, who in a body lifted him in as Reformers, now split, and many of them gone beyond him.

“He means to go to St. Andrews and Cupar to-morrow, and then will know more.

“It would be most poor and fainthearted to shrink as yet, and we can only assure ourselves that light will be given as it is required.

“His undaunted faith and hope are indeed most delightful. It is with him a matter of the most perfect conviction that, if for his good and that of others, the way will be made to bring him in. But then he has not the inward heartsinking which the idea of longer separation gives to me; yet certainly his natural courage, and far more the gifts of grace, do shine forth

in him conspicuously just now. May I partake of the same spirit, and learn more fully to confide and to submit.

‘Resign, and all the load of life
That moment you remove.’

I am as assured that our going to you will not be denied me, without a good reason for it, as that I am sitting here, and, therefore, must strive to leave all to His disposal who sees the end from the beginning.”

November 26.

From E. N. B.—“My dearest Pris.,—Your letter to my mother which arrived this morning certainly does not give a bright account of your prospects, and I most truly feel for you the pain and trial of a contested election; at the same time I have no doubt that you have taken too gloomy a view of things. I cannot conceive that Mr. Johnston will have a doubt about standing. I would not let such an idea enter my head. I think we must all subscribe to help you both into Parliament, and I will most gladly give £50 for my share. The greatest evil in prospect seems to be the chance of your being detained, and I should think that there is considerable doubt whether that will be necessary. My father is still at Weymouth and getting on pretty well with his canvass, though he does not seem too confident of his election as he did before he went down.

“It would be a pretty joke if both our members were to be turned out; but I for one cannot see that it would be such a misfortune as some think. I wish I could come and pay you a visit. If Mr. Johnston gives up, I think of trying to come in as the Radical member for St. Andrews!

“Yours most affectionately,

“E. N. BUXTON.”

December 17.

P. J. to her Mother. * * * “Our chance is now quite gone of being home for Christmas. There is the yearly Sacrament here on the 11th January; but really if the election is over, I must rebel, and get my husband to leave the Kirk to its fate. We now live in the drawing-room:

I wish you could see how snug we are. I continue to draw; and in the evenings treat myself with making, what Andrew calls, 'the bonny wee mutches.' "

" December 25.

" My dearest Father,

" I am particularly grateful for the packet of letters received this morning, all coloured by the good accounts of my dearest mother. Could I have been seen going off to Northrepps church this morning as bright and blooming (I must say it) as on my way to Pittenweem chapel, the measure of my triumph and happiness would have been complete. My husband goes away again to-morrow for several days, and to the small burghs next week. I manage to be very happy while he is away, and have my fill of 'Divine silence,' broken only by the purring of the pussy, who is indeed my truly congenial and persevering companion—

'Stillness accompanied with sounds so soft
Charms more than silence.'

I mean all this in sober seriousness and truth. I have plenty to do, and am quite complacent when my schooling is duly accomplished by dinner time—my task of Hume, drawing, writing, poetry, &c. I only sometimes think how nicely I might have written your life this season! "

December 26.

To her aunt Mrs. C. Gurney.—" We go on most smoothly, and daily I delight in the rest, leisure, quiet, sedentary, industrious, regular employments. I am interested in my humdrum occupations. My only cross is my husband's frequent absence. When he is at home we always sit together, and after our readings in the bible, we take uncle Joseph's Essays; then a walk. He sits writing, or over his business, while I quietly read, write, or draw at my little table by the sofa, learning a little poetry the while till nearly six o'clock. I often think how changed my vocation is, but it is indeed thus far a most luxurious change. I only trust I may not be unfitted for activity; but I now hate any bustle or hurry, and I think I should be

quite discomposed to sit down to dinner with so large a party as four! I have felt with new force some of the foundations of our hope and comfort; and my husband's living and practical faith, applied to everything, is a fine example for me. I trust to learn something of it, also the power of prayer. When he is away especially, it seems to be my best occupation to keep in a waiting humble spirit; and when he is engaged in delicate transactions or any difficulty, I want to be like Moses on the mount 'with arms spread wide.'"

Rennyhill, 7th January.

To T. Fowell Buxton, jun.—"My dearest Fowell,—I always intended addressing next letter to you, in answer to your very acceptable ones.

"I was much interested in dear Charley's shooting the woodcock, and in all your feats: how indulged you are to be sure! What innumerable advantages and favors you have; you ought to be fine flourishing plants considering the genial soil you are placed in. I expect to find you both grown and every way advanced a stage on since I saw you, in mind, in manners, in conversation; and how I do hope, my dearest brothers, that you are growing in a resolution to be Christians, choosing the good and happy path of firm determination, and beginning even now to exercise these principles when you are with other boys, and in the many little opportunities which constantly arise as well as in the daily duties of private religion. I may say I pray for you every day, nor does Andrew ever forget to mention you. You can keep all this private; and now for ourselves.

"The day of nomination is fixed for Tuesday the 13th; poll, Thursday and Friday; and return, Monday 19th. But there may be no poll, so make yourselves and the fatted calf ready on or any day after the 23rd, because I think we may be very likely amongst you that day. The idea of your even thinking of coming down has quite haunted me; what a joy it would have been! It would not have put me out of my wits, except with pleasure; however, I trust the same and far greater pleasure will be tasted at Northrepps, and I fear you would have found me and my old pussy very dull company. There we sit, day after day, always on the same spot; she

takes possession of the easy chair, and I of the sofa, and so we settle, the door perhaps not being opened from breakfast to luncheon time. I long to hear much about Lowestoft, and whether you find it answers papa's invariable quotations about Pakefield.*

‘I have been there and still would go,
For ’tis a little Heaven below.’”

Devonshire Street, Sunday, May 3.—It is almost too much of an effort to re-open my journal book, and yet I cannot help it; but I must, as with too interesting a friend, keep as much as I can on the surface and not attempt to unfold the volumes that have been, and are in my mind. I wrote last on the eve of my wedding-day. * * * Now, I feel the events of life too big for my grasp, and being unable to cope with them, I can only desire to lie still and passive in the hands of my Maker, and commit myself unboundedly to Him. May I but be His, whether for life or for death! Grace! grace! that is what I need, and faith and patience—faith more especially just now, when everything to us is so singularly on the balances, that it seems hardly possible there should be disentanglement: It is well to record such a point in one's life. Here we are, just as it were where roads meet—Parliament in the greatest doubt; a business pending for my husband; his father's life in the most critical state; and my confinement. These four great questions and events, all as it were hanging over us, we had need truly of a pilot, an all-wise, all-attentive guide. Oh! as we

* Where uncle and aunt Cunningham lived before moving to Lowestoft.

have such an One, may we indeed resign ourselves into His hands, keep looking perpetually to Him, and holding fast by His hand! The strong faith of my precious husband is my greatest comfort; and my noble father's exertions, talent, and judgment, our greatest earthly help.

Her first child, Andrew, was born on the morning of the 23rd of May. A fortnight after, she thus writes to her aunt Sarah :—

“ June 7.

“ My beloved Aunt,

“ My step to-day shall be taking in hand a pen; and to whom, of course, do I turn? I am almost afraid to trust myself. This is the most delicious time of rest—mind and body are in perfect comfort. The sense of pleasure quickened almost too much, life looks so smiling, and truly “my cup overflows.” My darling is a fortnight old. I do delight in him in dearest Anna's caps! My heart follows you; and the bright accounts of you are like a nosegay of flowers to me. * * *

“ Your most dearly affectionate,

“ P. JOHNSTON.”

* * * “ One word about my father. The engrossing subject of his thoughts is, Tuesday next. Part of the great undertaking will be to move for a committee to inquire into the conduct of the Planters. * * * His speech is most difficult and anxious; but he seems in the happiest state, bright, and smiling, and communicative. He rejoices in the hope of making the West Indians quake to their inmost hearts on Tuesday.”

When able to move she went to Hampstead, and there, on June 21, Andrew Johnston, junior, was baptized by Dr. Chalmers. She continued however very weak, and fever coming on, her

strength was still further reduced. About the middle of July she was taken to Herne Bay, but there grew worse; and on the auspicious first of August, she seemed to stand at the very gates of death. Her parents, Mrs. S. Hoare, her brother Edward, and several others, gathered around her, and remained with her in turn. The following letter from her father to the Cottage ladies, thus describes her state:—

“ Herne Bay, August 2.

“ My dear Sisters,

“ I have been ordered to write to you to-day, and I am very glad to do so, for I am afraid you may have missed some of the late letters. My wife sent me word that I must come down on Friday, so I started by mail that night. When I arrived, my wife soon came to me, in the very depths of distress, and gave a very poor account of our dear patient. I saw her soon after; she had then a good deal revived, and was the better for seeing me. Though she was yellow, I took a more favourable impression of her than I expected. I found her perfectly calm and at peace; there seemed none of the nervous excitement left. She intimated, as usual, her belief that she should not recover; and expressed what a struggle she had had to pass through before she could consent to give up things so dear to her; but she intimated that she had attained that victory, and that within peace abounded. She was then in bed; she got up soon after, and seemed nicely. I read the article on cookery in the last quarterly, and she was much amused and laughed often. She sent me away about nine o'clock, in order that she might go to bed. I then took a walk for an hour and a half on the pier, which goes out two-thirds of a mile into the sea; on my return, I found a message from her that she felt ‘much better’; and even Hannah sent word that she was better than she had been all day. So we all went to bed. Between twelve and one o'clock I heard a ringing at our bell, bustled out of bed and ran down stairs; in came a maid from their house (for, be it known, we have two houses), and a colloquy took place between her and me, I having on my

night garment. My wife had sent for Andrew, as P. could not sleep, and was, or rather felt, sick, which is the point we chiefly dread. So after wandering into most of the rooms, I found Andrew and hurried him away. Now, I must pause a moment to glorify myself. I, always accused of being 'a dead sleeper,' 'a log of wood,' I alone heard the bell; and had I not been so very vigilant and clever, we should never have heard the maid or sent them any assistance. Andrew read to her till near four o'clock, when she went to sleep, and contrived to pick up a tolerable night without actual sickness. She was low this morning, but is now on the sofa and better, though very yellow. I have been spending more than an hour with her—her conversation quite charming—she particularly dwelt on redemption through Christ. 'Oh! what a comfort, what an unutterable mercy. It is like a garment—this love of God in Christ—it wraps round us and fences us from all the weather,—pain, sickness, spiritual stupidity,—all very bearable while we know that we are under the shelter of that cloak. It is a bridge: on it we can walk by it across the gulf; it is quite a meal! All the rest is nothing to me, as compared with redemption through Christ; there is no comfort in Scripture like it.' I read her some passages bearing on the point; she said they were delightful to her. We then read the 21st and 22nd Revelations. It was delightful to see the expression of pleasure which passed across her countenance, though her eyes were shut, when I read any verse which described heaven (4, 6, 7, 24, to end of 21st chapter); when we came to the 4th verse, 22nd chapter—'And they shall see His face,' she quite burst forth—'What a wonder, what a glory!' 'Is it not strange that we should be so loth to leave this world? we are only going, as it were, at different hours and in different carriages; but the same journey. It is not separation.' She then asked for the 7th chapter of Revelations, from the 9th verse to the end, and again spoke much about the 14th. We adverted to the blessings on those who have come out of great tribulation. After listening for some time, she said, that is not the part which touches me so much as the words—'Washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb.' She then said: 'Now, I want the latter part of the 7th Romans, from the 15th—that exactly describes me; it is just

what I am. Observe the last verse. The apostle would not take the trouble of going through the argument; he springs to the conclusion. I thank God through Jesus Christ: there is now no condemnation.' She dwelt a good deal on the 18th verse of the 8th chapter. After some passages from the Ephesians on the same subject—the love of God and the redemption through Christ—I said I must now go and write to the cottagers: do you send your love? 'Yes, yes; love, lots of love!' The whole conversation was cheerful, though it was manifest that her mind was dwelling on the prospect of eternity. My poor wife at last stretched herself on some chairs and went fast asleep, as well she might, for she has had very little rest the two last nights; she does not undress. I must now tell you that I do expect to see dear Pris. recover: that is my confident expectation. I must just, while dinner is coming on, advert to another part of her conversation: 'Oh! the love of God; it exceeds the love of parents! He, loving us so well, could cure by a single word; but He will not: that proves that it is best for me to be sick.' Not time for another word.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"T. F. BUXTON."

At length there was some amendment; and one by one, her "beloved nurses" left her.

The next entry in her journal is as follows:—

Herne Bay, Sept. 6.—Here I am, again able to be left a Sunday morning alone! able a little to commune with myself and to put down some of my thoughts. What a period have I passed since I last wrote! what a valley of trial and suffering have I gone through—surely something of the valley of the very shadow of death! I will not try to retrace it. I am now brought up again, and though in great weakness, am, I trust, treading the upward path of recovery. We are comfortably settled at this nice place

with our precious little one. We are thankful to be left together, and to have been able to part in peace and hope with our most beloved ones, who have indeed been friends and benefactors unspeakable to us in this season of deep mutual sorrow, anxiety, and expense. Our schemes and wishes have certainly been crossed and thwarted in no common degree ; but we have been, notwithstanding, crowned with blessings, and in the school of affliction taught some lessons which may we never forget ! Oh ! my God, the petition of my heart is, that Thou wouldst now and for ever lead us in the path wherein we ought to walk—that Thou wouldst gift us with Thy grace (that which can indeed make us perfect and thoroughly furnish to us all good works)—that Thou wouldst supply me with patience, faith, calmness, and quietness of spirit, and tenderly bless our child—and oh ! that Thou wouldst take upon Thyself to pay our debts. Oh ! my Lord, repay to my precious parents, my dearest friend,* my beloved dearest aunts, and several others, brother and sister, all their unwearied labours of love towards me, by those blessings which are indeed better than gold or silver. A look from Thee can indeed refresh, comfort, and cheer them ; oh ! Lord, give it speedily and continually, for the sake of Him in whom we trust—our only Saviour.

September 11, 1835.

From E. N. B.—“ My dearest Pris. * * * I went yesterday morning to the Refuge for two hours and a half. I first lectured the boys who had

* Lady Parry, then Mrs. S. Hoare.

lately been admitted, and placed the theory of picking-pockets before them in such a light that their hands shot out of their own pockets with a convulsive start. I then formed myself into a committee, and, having unanimously called myself to the chair, I saw a number of applicants; to one I ordered a shilling, and gave him a strict charge that, as he had only been two days without anything, he was not to squander any of this in victuals, but to consider it as capital to commence business as a fruiterer, that being the profession to which he declared himself most partial. I then moved and seconded that the thanks of the meeting should be given to the chairman for his conduct in the chair; and, having returned thanks for the honour done me, I broke up the meeting and quietly dispersed. Joking apart, however, I was very much interested indeed by the affecting cases that came before me."

The latter part of the autumn, and the following winter and spring was spent in and near London. The following extract from her journal is dated:—

Hampstead, Jan. 29.—"My people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places;" "and there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams." How home to my heart do these promises speak, yet how little, how very very little, do I really know of their power. What is it wrong and erroneous in my system that I taste so little of this blessed tranquillity, so little of the joy of the green pastures and the still waters? It is the Christian's inheritance and purchased possession, why then do I taste it not? These things are promised, they are ours, sooner or later we shall know them to the very very full. Oh! what a most blessed and glorious and delightful hope. In the meantime I

do so ardently desire a little foretaste, a little of the calming, quieting, peaceful influence shed into my soul and over my spirits.

Northrepps Cottage, February 18.

From her aunt Sarah.—“My dearest Niece,—“In this storm I will write to you. Perhaps a gale without may sober down the hurricane of my impetuous feelings within, and I may be able, under the bustle of the morning, to slide in easily a letter to you. I reproach myself for my silence; but the continual loss I feel I sustain in your absence makes me often pine like a dove and sit solitary; and your marriage, though the one thing most to be desired for you, has more than anything taken off the gilding of my life for me; I miss you so very much. I sometimes think more than any creature can but your father.

“The wind is blustering at our windows; the boughs, and even the stems of the trees rocking to and fro. Wamba asleep on the chair; one puss on one sofa, and Spot on the other; a primrose in the warmer window, and one little stand of glasses for hyacinths in another; but the green buds scarcely show themselves yet. I had no desire for January’s blossoms, since my flower was not here to admire them.

“My eyes are towards the cliff, and I write to you by snatches. I run to the kitchen to make sure that we have hot water, soup, and fires. We have had no reading as a family, and scarcely any sleep from anxiety; and before six we heard that a crew of nine men had left their sinking vessel and in their little boat had reached the shore, Cromer, in safety. Soon after seven Anna started in her pony chair, with Hannah Roper and William; she returned alone half an hour since, a little boy only following her; she looked distressed, but could not wait, or I face the wind at our porch. Stephen jumped in to return with her and her little hand-gun, with its lines, &c. I made another messenger scamper to the Hall, and very shortly the “chief of ten thousand” on John Bull, with coat flaps flying, galloped by. I can only gather that there is another vessel off Cromer in peril striving to come in. Oh! may the lives be spared; but I am rather dumb with apprehensions.

"Another report—(I hope only a report)—the vessel has struck; and, with glasses from our cliff some poor creatures were seen get into their boat and they were lost! and our watchers say they can see some still on the vessel; and at this moment I conclude your father has joined Anna, and that they are labouring to save them!

"Anna now home—sullen with cold and pain; she is taking off her things, and I shall hear more when she can bear it: you know how her heart writhes under the torture of a calamity—hope quenched and five lives lost before her eyes."

Northrepps Cottage, February 24.

From the same.—"I wish, dear Priscilla, you could have heard your name mentioned in this room yesterday morning. Your father and Anna over the Caffre case, Aborigines, Australasia, &c.; and at each close of a section they appeared to me simultaneously to pronounce your name, and at least that was music to my ears; and I do not fear the work for you—I mean not of this portion of your office—for Anna's portfolio cases are like lessons marked out for you to learn; and I know it will be a saving of trouble to you to have your work collected for you, and you may lie on the sofa and digest it."

Devonshire Street, March 13.—By the post on Monday we heard of the quiet close of our dear father's life at Rennyhill. He departed in love and peace on Friday morning, the 19th February, nearly 83 years of age, and oh! may it have been to peace and joy everlasting. There was such a spirit of patience, gentleness, and thankfulness given to him, as to make us very thankful. My dearest went off by the coach at once, and I went to Hampstead. Andrew arrived on the Friday at Rennyhill; the funeral was the next day. About fifty friends and neighbours were assembled, and he, as he expresses it, laid his father's head

in the dust with a solemn comfort. Scotch funerals are most cheerless to be sure: they had a short prayer before they left the house, and then in silence carried the coffin, lowered it into the grave, stood by while it was filled up, the turf replaced, and then in silence departed. He most expeditiously finished off his necessary arrangements, left Rennyhill with his two sisters on Wednesday, and reached us in safety on Friday night, a most joyful arrival. In this event of his father's death, though there is little personal loss to feel, the whole thing has borne an uncommon tinge of melancholy. The closing of that once well-filled house; breaking up the establishment; the dispersion of all; the venerable head laid in the ground; the place left desolate, and all gone. Then to us there is certainly much to feel in the necessity of giving up the place, of leaving the spot where his natural influence and weight lies. What a blessing for me that my dearest is so resolved, so stedfast in faith and submission. He is sure things will all be ordered for the best, anxiety is really kept away; and then how thankful we may be for the home provided for us here, which has been so prosperous this year. How can I be grateful enough? But now I must turn to myself. My bairn and I went to Hampstead. The next day we heard the dear Northrepps party were actually coming soon. Thursday we came back to meet them, and at night they arrived. We met upon the extreme interest and delight of our dearest Edward's engagement, which that very week had brought us. We could not have received a more

precious member into our family than Catherine Gurney. On Saturday, 5th March, we all went to pay our first visit at Upton. It was the day on which I knew my husband was engaged in the solemn business of his father's funeral, and I put on my deep mourning. It was an odd contrast, and the whole day was too exciting to be precisely pleasant, but Kitty was lovely. * * * My husband is again settled in, as my father's secretary, and, in short, our abode here has thus far been uncommonly prospered. There has been on both sides, I believe, a genuine preference of it. Our darling baby is a delight to his grand-parents, and in every way I have had the amazing comfort of feeling our being here the best thing for us and for them, but there is in me a sort of false humility which I cannot describe; a sense of everything being too good for me, everybody so far too kind, of being always in debt and never able to pay. Trying the other day to describe it to my husband, he, instead of soothing it with ineffectual contradictions, took me seriously to task for breaking the command, "Be content with such things as ye have." I felt this most true. I am sure the root of the thing is in vanity, not in humility; and, as he said, a truly humble and truly contented spirit would be the cure. May the light of the promised land shine brighter and brighter upon me as I draw nearer to it, and the unspeakable glorious prospect of bearing the image of the heavenly, as I now bear that of the earthy, be ever present with me. We spent last Sunday at Hampstead; going up to hear dear E. Hoare preach.

The bright beginning of his ministry has been one of our great interests.

April 5.

To her brother Edward, a week before his marriage.— * * * “May this week that remains be permitted to be truly satisfactory to you both, in winding up your single life! There is much to be done in this way both inwardly and outwardly; many things to remember, acknowledge, and close. I have found the journal I wrote the last week before I was married most valuable and interesting. You do so start for a new life! You have such an opportunity of taking hold of things by new handles as it were, and improving your habits, standard, and standing by past experience, that it is a very pleasant thing to take a full and satisfactory farewell of single life.

“The reason of the exquisite and indescribable feelings of pleasure and freedom of early married life is, that you have taken flight and left the old coats behind, cleared away from all that may have gathered about you, and start quite fresh with the person you like and love best in the world, one in interest, and perfectly united in affection, ready to stir one another up, to smooth the rough and enliven the flat. I do earnestly desire, my beloved E. & C., that you may taste the full exhilaration as well as all the solid happiness of this unique period of one’s life.”

April 6.

From E. N. B.—“My dearest Pris.,—Your letter yesterday was most delightful; I had been hoping that I might receive such a one from you. I hope Catherine will write to-day. I rejoice in the thought of meeting you on Saturday, that we may have one more pleasant Sunday together. I fear that it will be hardly possible for you to see Catherine before Tuesday. I have been staying at Upton since Monday, and have enjoyed it extremely.

“I was at meeting this morning, and was very glad of the opportunity. I feel as if I could not grasp all the deep interests which crowd in at this time. We are indeed embarking, as it were, on a new and untried sea, and though nothing can be more satisfactory or more delightful than the prospect, yet it

is no light matter to give up one sort of life and to commence another. I do most earnestly hope that a very special blessing from above may rest upon us, that we may start afresh in our heavenly course with a full determination that, with the assistance of our Father in heaven, we will devote ourselves, altogether, soul and body, to His service. I can sometimes feel that if I might only profess some abiding joy in believing I should want nothing else either for this life or for the next ; this, however, is not the habitual feeling of my mind. In general this state of mind is too good a one for me. I say this because I know the earnestness and efficacy of your prayers for me ; and I wish that you should pray that the Lord will lift up the light of His countenance upon me, more than for any other blessing. O that I had but faith to see that our Lord's strength is made perfect even in such weakness as mine is. I had no intention of writing in this way when I began my note, but these feelings are beyond any thing human. I have at the same time a great view and great pleasure in the abundant mercies with which I am surrounded. I know that God has given me every blessing in the world, and I only further want a thankful heart. Our presents are most beautiful, and a real source of pleasure to us. Rachel is steward and has 1s. per week wages. Uncle and Aunt Gurney are very cheery, and I believe enjoy the occupation of preparing for a wedding in the family. The boys are coming up to day, which is a real pleasure.

"Yours ever most affectionately,

"EDWARD N. BUXTON."

Sunday, the 10th, was a memorable day. After luncheon, we contrived all to assemble to read the account of our parents' wedding in dear aunt Rachel's journal.* My father then read

* An extract from the account referred to is as follows :—"May 13, 1807, was the wedding-day at Earham. The weather mild and summer-like. Hannah composed and cheerful. Many collected, as usual, to read before breakfast and after it. We dispersed till it was time to equip ourselves in bridal array. The house was overrun with bridesmaids in white muslin cloaks and chip hats, dear Betsy (Mrs. Fry) at the

Proverbs iii and some other passages, and prayed most heartily and fully for Edward and Catherine, her parents, and our dearest mother, she herself expressed some of her most overflowing tenderness for Edward. There was in my heart, prayer in abundance, a desire to relieve it in words, yet an extreme shunning; but, when the time came, my father was so extremely before me that it could not be restrained; I poured forth my heart for him. I had dwelt very much on him of late, Good Friday being his fiftieth birthday, and everything about him, his labours and toils, his private nobleness, and his public importance, calling for our closest interests and desires on his behalf. I was sheltered by my husband following me, chiefly in thanksgiving.

Tuesday, 12th.—Edward and Catherine were married. After reading and breakfast, as usual, we all adorned in our wedding trim. My dearest mother and Chenda looked most lovely; so did our bridegroom. To Trinity Church we went: how odd it was to me. Instead, however, of entering in due state and doing our business as on the 1st of August, there was no bride! and we

head of them. We led our sweet bride to the stairs, where our gentlemen joined us; and we had a pleasant drive to Thisborough meeting. When there, the large circle of brothers and sisters was most striking. The dear couple spoke very feelingly, and Fowell with his usual dignity. * * * At dinner the bride was only distinguished from her maidens by one beautiful rose; she had a lovely colour and was very cheerful. My father's fifteen children were all there. The company cleared off in good time; but not before we had spent a delightful evening in full assembly. It was really charming to have such a party, with Fowell and Hannah at the head of it! He was most affectionate and sweet to us all; I think there scarcely ever was such a brother admitted into a family!"

shivered, and daudled, and wondered, and shivered, for three-quarters of an hour ; she, in the meantime, poor dear, with Sarah, Sam, and Mrs. Gurney,* was enjoying the same comfort in Marylebone Church ! We grew very nervous. Several of the gentlemen set off in search of them. About half-past eleven they appeared, our blushing, blooming bride most lovely. There was a little agitation and confusion, but the moment the deep sounds of E. Hoare's voice were heard, perfect order and solemnity were restored, and the service was all we could wish. Nothing, I think, could exceed the interest and beauty of the group of the three cousins, all nearly of an age. Edward and Catherine hurried off to Upton, and we followed, I with my dearest parents. At two we had a most elegant entertainment, after which a reading and prayer from E. Hoare, with a sermon and prayer from aunt Fry. Some of her sentences were most striking, one I did intend not to lose, it was to this effect, expressing the desire that they might choose the service of God,—“I can testify to it ; I have known it in measure, in heights, and in depths. I can say that in depths and in heights, in riches and in poverty, in health and in sickness, it is a most blessed service, and that, in so far as we know it, we know peace.” Our dearest Edward is enriched with a treasure indeed, and so are we all. May blessings be unsparingly heaped on them.

A letter from Mrs. Opie, dated April 27, soon after E. N. Buxton's wedding, contains the following :—

* Mrs. Hudson Gurney.

“ Many thanks, my dearest Priscilla, for letting me see thy descriptive letter. The delight of all to me is what is not contained in that letter, namely, an account of the success of the waistcoat of the M.P. for Weymouth ! Of that waistcoat I beg leave to give you all joy ! and of his noble, grand, and beautiful looks while wearing it ; he, as I suspect, secretly bending his head and casting a loving glance upon its shining folds ! Elizabeth Wilkinson says it was of lilac satin, with purple flowers, edged with gold ! ”

Devonshire Street, Sunday, May 22.—Staying at home alone. How much there is to transact, as it were, in one’s mind. In our very busy life, how short is the day of rest, I am ready to say, how insufficient ! but what should we be without it ? I have never, I think, felt the absolute necessity and unspeakable advantage of the Sabbath so much as lately. The three weeks since I last wrote have been spent chiefly in the same busy round of occupations ; the committees our men’s daily work ; our house very full with uncle and aunt Cunningham and their followers. Our greatest personal interest has been the arrangements about dear Rennyhill. We are earnest in the hope of getting down there this autumn, anxiously desiring to finish off there to some satisfaction, both as to ourselves and others. Our plan has been to indulge ourselves in a short Highland journey, as we earnestly hope, with Chenda and our brothers, and then to spend three months at Rennyhill ; and this we trust to execute. I wish to make our temporal concerns, still so very much on the balances, a subject of constant remembrance before God. We do not the least foresee our future ; but my dearest husband’s trusting spirit is like a pillow for my head.

Wednesday, July 6.—Well, here I am, with my list of memorandums all scratched out but one or two, our nine months' sojourn in this dear home brought within an hour or two of its close. I must part with my book, so a word of farewell. I am above all impressed with the mercies which have so remarkably attended us here. How have my peculiar desires been granted, my fears disappointed, and all things smoothed and prospered beyond my hopes! How can I be thankful enough for the well-working of my dearest husband's secretariship, for the pleasure my darling child has given to them all, and for my mother's general and tolerable ease about my health? Our abiding with them has altogether answered most completely; and I fully trust another spring will find us in like manner favoured. Now, we are off for Norfolk, the Highlands, and Rennyhill; oh! may the same kind blessing go along with us there, enabling us for all duties, supporting us in all trials. I am most thankful to be, on the whole, in very good heart, leaving my dearest mother nicely, and the way opening before us.

Edinburgh, Sunday, July 17.—We are brought here in safety, our dear party all flourishing. To Earlham I travelled on the 7th, my husband joining me there two days after; most deeply interesting was our visit; I never did see anything certainly like that place and its inhabitants. Being joined by our dear brothers, we went on Wednesday the 13th to Yarmouth by a steam-barge, then to Lowestoff, where we had a bright but short visit; Chenda, with Sarah and Edmund Gurney, joined us, and we

successfully got on board the "Monarch" about eleven on Thursday. Till we passed Cromer, we much enjoyed ourselves, after that we Buxtons were very bad till evening. Next day we were quite well, and very pleasant was our sail along the coast of Northumberland and the Frith. We arrived on Scottish ground about six, and have enjoyed making acquaintance with this most interesting and charming place.

After a delightful journey they parted with their travelling companions and reached Rennyhill on the 31st of August.

"Rennyhill, August 31.

"My dearest Mother and all,

"Well, well, here we are; how inexpressibly interesting our arrival altogether has been, I cannot say. It was a soft morning (when we started to return from Perth) so we had "a noddy" down to the pier, a laddie yesterday, whom we asked where the steam-boats went from, having replied, 'an awfu' muckle lump awa!' Our sail to Dundee was quite delightful. The shores of the Frith of Tay so overflowing with richness; the air was very mild and the rain slight, just enough to cause a most lovely rainbow just spanning the Frith from shore to shore, to follow us all the way down. The arch was perfect, all the colours bright, and with its feet on the corn-fields, it made the most lovely bridge over the Tay. Just as we arrived at Dundee quite a gale came on. Our embarking for the Edinbro' steam-boat, which lay in the middle of the Frith, was to me truly frightful, there was such a press of people and such a tossing sea that when we three and baby had scrambled in, off went the boat without Andrew, for I screamed to them to push off, such crowds of people were pressing in. Our clamber up the steamer was no less unpleasant; the swell was so high that it soon appeared landing at Anstruther was out of the case; in short, some feared the boat could not have encountered the Frith at all. Most anxious we were to get a landing at Crail; there was a great doubt about it. I must say I did pray that we

might, and to my joy (at least as much joy as wretches with heads on carpet bags on the deck could feel at anything) we heard that a boat was coming off, the getting in to it was frightful, every moment it was swung feet away from the ship, and we had to leap to get into it. Our landing was very laughable, the tide being low, there was no means of getting up but by a very steep, rude and slippery sort of stair in the rock, and then a most absurd climb up a wall, with a few wooden bars across it as a sort of perpendicular ladder. Thus we clambered into the kingdom of Fife, and into the royal burgh of Crail, but a most draggle-tailed appearance we presented as we walked up the little street to the inn. Then, after a while, was produced a sort of rough cart, into which the member, his wife, sister, and bairn bundled; the woman, its mistress, sitting down in the front by the shaft, and Andrew driving: getting home at last was indeed comfortable to our feelings in every way."

Upon receiving the tidings of her aunt Mrs. Hoare's death, she thus writes :—

" Rennyhill, September 8.

" What can we say to the most deeply affecting and solemn intelligence? I feel so much to say to every one, and yet when we come to write, what is there but one thing—the immensity of our loss—the immensity of her gain. These two comprise all that can be said or felt, I think. For ourselves a bright light is gone, one of our best treasures as a family, as a circle,—a friend, adviser, helper. I cannot express what I think of the loss to us Buxtons. I bitterly feel that I and mine have lost one of our best friends—a friend able, disinterested, generous, delightful, capable of helping and of pleasing us in life in no common degree; but everything one can say, falls so utterly short, and is so flat and weak in comparison of the truth. My heart pictures the scene in that sweet and most melancholy spot. Let us seek to realize the unspeakable change for her—'The oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' The joy, the liberty, the unbounded overflow of praise which we know is her portion. I feel as if she could appreciate the joys of heaven more than most, and as if her joy must be greater, for the depths of her hungering and thirsting after it."

Rennyhill, October 12.

To her sister C. B.—“I have been much interested lately in ‘redding up,’ as they call it, putting the linen in order, (spun by Andrew’s great grandmother and her maids), making inventories, &c., and spending much time in our curious old garret, where there is lumber of every kind; and I am always making some entertaining discoveries, though generally at the expense of being poisoned with dust. I have routed out five swords, a blunderbuss, a very fine pistol, golf clubs, fishing rods, &c., without end.”

“We are just come in from a delightful walk, this brilliant wintery afternoon. I did long for you all, the exquisite beauty of the sea, the busy lively scene at Cellardyke of the arrival of the boats, the piles and hundreds of silvery haddocks, the picturesque groups in and round the harbour, the rocks sparkling in the waves. We had also some geological sport: every stone and rock on the beach containing some pieces of cactus, or the impression of it on bits of wood. The fossil trees standing straight up out of the rock, full three feet high, are most curious. I trudge along well clothed in my bear skins, and with Indian rubber shoes more curious than beautiful certainly. The poor, the school, and the estate, find us abundant objects.”

November 8.

To her aunt Sarah.—“How long will it be before we shall see another home half or a quarter so much to our taste as this. But I will not allow myself to love it so much. I won’t allow myself to plant a flower to give it one hair’s more strength over me, for it will not be our lot here to abide, I see. I am as happy as the day is long. I enjoy everything. I cannot tell you my dearest aunt, the sort of inward tranquillity that is spread over me. Well does this regular hum-drum life suit me, dull as it appears (for we have certainly very little stirring amongst us); but the objects about us, the opportunity of a little reading, the happy feeling of health, and a serious grave enjoyment of the future, make me very happy. My mother’s sweet and interesting letter touches me much. I long that I were with her; may she be cheered and comforted. Surely it is a mistaken view that when we cannot be active, that we can take no part with others. Are the walls of a

house useless because they are not tables and chairs? It may not be so agreeable to human nature to endure, as to do; but, after all, which is the best lesson to those around? I am quite well, and truly idle; I indeed might say, I am of no earthly use."

November 13.—Here we are without a notion what, where, or how we are to be, whether our Scotch affairs are ever to be brought to a favourable settlement, whether any English home is ever to open upon us. Parliament, business, everything in the same state of uncertainty. The present season of repose, and the opportunity it gives for deliberation in our affairs, and for us setting them as far as they admit of to rights, is most favourable for us. I have indeed been endeavouring this morning thoroughly and effectually to lay one after another before the eye of our good and gracious Father; and oh! that I may indeed find the burden to lie no longer on me. How easily He can see through our tangled web! How easily can He open a way and make all crooked things straight before us; and we know and are sure the will is not wanting when He sees it to be for our good, and dare we wish it sooner or otherwise? I feel that for myself the trial laid upon me in all this is nothing. I have all that makes me happy. My time here is spent much like an old mother hen, and who is to call her idle? I do read by myself, and with my husband and Katharine Johnston, keep things going amongst the poor a little, work and draw, guide the house as much as our regular clockwork routine needs guiding, and play with my bairn. I am very very happy and remarkably well.

November 23.

To her Mother.— * * * "I must tell of our catastrophes. This morning early, I heard cries of "The burn, the burn."* I sprang up, and there was the burn raging along like a little sea, the washhouse entirely surrounded by it. All ran out, but there was nothing to be done but look on. Soon word came that the pigeon house was an island too. The next intelligence was, "The dyke's (wall) gone." I covered myself with a cloak, and as soon as we could see through the drifts of snow and sleet, what a sight it was! a vast gap, that high thick wall gone! The flood had already abated through this vent, but a great cascade was pouring out of the door-cot door, the torrent rushing down in grand style. Poor Mrs. Mackill was having a grand wash, and there came all her things—sheets, shirts, and table cloths, tearing along by us—maids and men screaming after them with rakes and poles. It was very odd, that the little hedge and the apple trees that were nailed upon the wall, did not go too. There were the trees standing alone, stretching out their arms, and looking most queer and deplorable. About forty yards of the wall are gone. I must say, if it were not for the 'bawbees' that it will cost us, I should enjoy the sport. We are so snug and warm here, while such wild weather is raging without. We had a sight of the aurora in the middle of the day, a few Sundays since; we thought at first the clouds were very strange, but, on looking at them, we saw them flickering and shooting up; and, sure enough, they were the northern lights."

December 11.—I have felt strongly impressed among my meditations with the deceitfulness of the heart, particularly in respect of any of our more active services, even where they originated in something like a sense of the constraint of love; how soon does corrupt human nature take them up as it were, interfere and mix dross with gold; the plans we have laid

* Brook.

down, habits, the expectation of others, above all, the standard and mark we have secretly planted in our own minds, how soon do these slide in and become the influencing motives to our little daily efforts. I have detected this so much in myself by the kind of impatience and vexation which it has caused me to be hindered by my cold from going among the poor, &c. If my motives were pure—the simple longing to serve my Lord—I should be exactly as willing to sit by the fire at His command as to go out. The truly devoted servant is satisfied to be sitting in his post with nothing to do, if so his Master wills; but we attach ourselves to our work, a secret self-complacency creeps in, there is a natural pleasure in being active and busy, it raises the natural spirits, we get petty tributes of applause from others, and all this carries us on. I hope I have received a useful lesson; but oh! it is hard to keep the right medium between indolence on the one hand, and following our business in a self-pleasing spirit on the other. May it be my endeavour

“Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!”

They soon after left Scotland, and the next letter is dated:—

“Upton, Saturday, December 17.

“Well, my dearest mother and all, here we are; you were indeed mistaken in thinking we have been having ‘perfect’ weather. Alas, alas! we had all the way a very rough passage, and landing at Cromer was utterly impossible and hopeless. It howled all the night before we left Rennyhill, and we had almost given up starting, when a lull succeeded the blustering

wind, and we found it brightening every hour till we got to Dundee. We were alone in our glory in the noble ship, but, when we reached the open sea, found an awful swell, waves as high they said as the ship itself. Oh! such a roll; long, sweeping, sickening rolls, more like being in a very high swing than anything. It was not without trouble that we kept in our beds, the things tumbled about in our cabin in every direction. When we passed Cromer, at about twelve or one (A.M.) every wave washed over the deck; however, at last, the wind changed, and by a bright moon we arrived in the river the middle of last night; oh! the blessing of finding the engine at rest this morning. I am wonderfully well."

A month after, a pencil note to E. N. B., written "secretly on the corner of the sofa," gives a most interesting account of a scene at Northrepps relating to the Committee on the Aborigines, for which her cousin Anna Gurney drew up the report:—

"January 17, 1837.

"I only wish you could see the very interesting party assembled—Dr. Philips, my father, Anna, Andrew, at the table, each with a copy of the large blue book before them, and pens in hands. It is surprising how well they are able to work together, entertaining, but how important! I really could but sit by and wonder at the extraordinary privilege and interest of seeing such things at their moving spring. The notes Dr. P. has brought, prepared by Christie, are really capital as an abstract of the evidence; bones they are, and Anna has the flesh ready for them—she has bones too. Dr. P. reads his, then she hers; then they discuss, make notes, and settle it. My father is uncommonly bright, and Anna sets to work with a kind of intensity which is most interesting to see. We all sit round, I say, like the ostrich's eggs scattered outside the nest, to look on and give our valuable assistance from time to time; aunt Sarah and I on one sofa, my mother and the boys near. They are to-day over the Kaffir case; yesterday was devoted to the suggestion of remedies."

Devonshire Street, February 26.

To her cousin Anna.—“How things do crowd upon us here. We have been, as it were, walking up Fitz James’s path ever since we came, the bog sinking under our feet, and struggling through the stiff heather and scratching ferns. I am almost in a rage with you, dearest Anna, for wanting the East Indian papers so violently. Can’t you be quiet an hour? I am sure we have enough to do without bringing one hundred and fifty millions of Indians about our ears. As far as my small powers go, if these one hundred and fifty millions are to be set to rights by you, I shall not only not help, but hinder, I intend. Our room is a kind of a chaos of all things, and we are buying a washing-stand, which I think must hang from the ceiling. * * * Would you were here, we are so left-handed without you. Here we sit—Mr. Bannister’s long arms stretched out across the breakfast table, my father but just down, but the report supersedes his egg, and a strange mixture we present of tea and ink, plates and papers. Bannister keeps spelling now to find out who wrote the report, muttering—‘Such well arranged facts,’ ‘very strong,’ ‘such a small compass,’ ‘May I ask if Mrs. Johnston wrote it? I suppose not.’ ‘Oh!’ said A, ‘I should be very proud if she had.’ ‘Well,’—Bannister keeps muttering to himself—‘I thought I knew something about the Cape, but this——,’ ‘very powerful.’ Enter Mr. Christie. My father holds out his hand to him without looking up from his book; A. and Mr. B. give him a nod; I venture a whisper of gossip, and on we go again. They are planning to get it (Aborigines report) received before Easter. ‘I can’t have the proofs too quick,’ says my father; ‘to-morrow we’ll meet.’ My mother puts in,—‘Now, darling, I will have thee eat breakfast; thy tea is entirely spoiled; it is really most important.’ My father—‘Now, Andrew, how do you mean to vote to-night?’ My mother—‘Thy breakfast: now I will have thee!’ My father—‘Now, call that unhappy Mr. Waineright.’ So we go on, and he is now in full talk.”

Devonshire Street, Monday, April 17.—Much do I want to say about the past, the present and the future are all so full; but I must now keep myself entirely to the past, for although

the time is now quite past, I do earnestly wish for my future good to retain some little record of the illness of my precious little Andrew. One morning I found him heavy, oppressed, and fretful. Sunday was a day of sorrow and trial, his state of evident suffering, incessant fret, and distressed countenance was indeed hard to bear. I spent my time chiefly on the sofa in his room, sometimes reading, sometimes working a little, but more, as it were, using my whole powers to cling to the anchor which only could keep me; and, I may say, through infinite mercy, I was kept surprisingly stedfast. My desire and plan was, to cast up a prayer at every moan; every time he said, "hurt him, hurt him" (which was his incessant cry), to call on our Lord to listen—to beseech an attentive ear; and, I may say, I was permitted to see him in the arms of his Heavenly Father. I did see and know the tender arm of mercy round about him; and, even in our straits of sorrow, I felt and believed in the continual presence and entire superintendence of our Heavenly Parent. Perpetually was I helped, by the sense of my deep love towards him, and also by that of my precious parents towards me and him, to realize the far greater love of our Lord towards us all, and that, not poor, powerless love like our own, but combined with all wisdom and all power. We were brought to the point of giving him up, and we did, I believe, most truly and fully relinquish him, in our hearts acknowledging that he had always been a loan—not our own—that our Heavenly Father had the right to him; and, with something like consent of heart, we did give up the entire

disposal of him to Him, not asking his life or anything about him, but as seen best for him and us; though the cry would arise, for the mitigation of his pain. When the turn was taken and by degrees he was given to us again, the chief joy of it, I think, was the conviction that it was in the truest mercy—that it was in no sort on our responsibility; but a token for good as well as present happiness. He has indeed been lovely and precious in our eyes beyond what I can say, and far beyond what he ever was before, since his recovery. I have often doubted whether my struggle would not be greater now; but may I not take a little courage for the future, and believe that strength will be given me in proportion to all my need? I am glad to have thus far recorded the past; it may be valuable, too, to the beloved child himself, if he ever comes to read his mother's lucubrations.

“ 4th mo., 25.

“ My dearest Priscilla,

“ Though a Sabbath, I must write thee a few lines of love. I am just come from the meeting, where my text was—‘Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty and behold the land that is very far off.’ A little glimpse of this now and then sheds a ray of light over the wilderness travel; though I do not like us to look too much at the thorns, but more at the sweet roses that now and then bestrew our path; and, when the ray of the Sun of Righteousness shines upon them, they are very sweet. I have often found it so; and, therefore, I desire that the clouds that at times overshadow us, and the thorns that beset our course, may not unduly weigh us down. * * * *

“ Thy loving aunt,

“ E. FRY.”

Northrepps, May 13.

From her Father.—“My dearest Pris.,—I am not going to write to you now, but to throw upon paper (which you may read if you please) some record of yesterday, which was a memorable day with me.

“When I went to breakfast in Charles’s day-room I brought in the box containing the watch ; and having collected the party, I asked Amelia Carr what she thought ought to be done to a girl who had been good for thirty years together. I then exhibited our splendid prize (which, by the bye, is called ‘the fitch’), made it sing its silver tones, shewed its inscription, which I admire, and all its beauties. Hannah was really pleased—exceedingly pleased—gratified and flattered ; so the whole matter went off to perfection. And I have dwelt, both yesterday and still more to-day, very much on the mercy which has been showered upon me by a gracious and indulgent Lord. I feel that I cannot be grateful enough for the heaps and loads of mercies which have been my lot. Thirty years ago I was married to one I loved with youthful ardour. I love her ten times more, as might be expected ; but I admire her at least twenty times as much : I am more of an admirer and lover of hers than this day thirty years back. What has she not been to me ? Was there ever so tender, so generous, so disinterested, so refined a creature ? I can truly say that in all that time I never heard from her a harsh word, or saw her do anything intentionally wrong to me or others ; so that may fairly stand first amongst earthly blessings. The next is a blessing of a still higher order, derived, indeed, from a higher source ; but she was the medium through which it was sent. Her spiritual instruction has been invaluable to me ; constant, invariable, steady, and indefatigable, she sought and found truth and taught it to me.

“No. 3, my children. My dearest Pris., what a comforter and helper have you been to me ! I have ceased to look upon you as a daughter ; you have been something more than that to me—more of the order of a friend, only closer and nearer and dearer. Then only think of your having brought me quite another son in dutiful affection, and two new shoots ; the last I know nothing about, so I can feign no raptures ; but little Andrew I love almost to second childishness. Then Edward and his charming Catherine,

each just the thing of things to meet my fancy and satisfy my wishes ; and then the other children, who will not, I expect, be behind their seniors. So there is No. 3 made out as clear as a diamond.

"Now, the rest of my long list of blessings you must (as I shall do as I wander about) expatiate upon them. I will just give you a few of the heads :—

"My success in business, and that business so good and untroublesome.

"My seat in Parliament for nineteen years, and the objects which have been trusted to undeserving me.

"The preservation of my life and health in so many extremities.

"My brothers, sisters, and friends.

"The success which has crowned my public labours.

"These are a few, and but a few, of the sources of grateful satisfaction.

"Just two or three verses which will supply us with subjects of thankful application, and then good bye !—

"‘Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell these forty years.’

"‘My cup runneth over : surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life ; and (may it be) I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever !’

"‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits ;’ and every clause in that catalogue of mercies, each of which has been offered for my acceptance.

"‘He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.’

"Farewell ! farewell ! I must go and hear the birds, and turn my eyes to the wonderful Giver of such stores of mercies !

"Yours most affectionately,

"T. F. BUXTON."

Her journal is again resumed :—

Sunday, May 28.—To-morrow morning, at two o'clock, my precious little girl will be a month old. It has been a very favoured time. I may indeed say, "Forget not, O my soul, the

benefits of the Lord." It has been such a happy pause, so quiet and calm, such a sense of mercy, and everything extremely smooth. In a small degree I have tasted of that sweetest of all sweets, some communion with my Heavenly Father, some power of prayer, and a little measure of the unction of His love, so that I have often felt to know the green pasture and still waters. And now in returning to busy and worrying life, to this truly working-day world, which I do indeed find it, on coming out of my retreat, O may I retain the savour of all this, and be found established in quietness of soul.

Monday, Upton, (Edward's House), June 12.—A fortnight of much trial has been our allotment since I last wrote. My dearest mother's poorliness ended in a very sad attack of illness. Chenda and I have been devoted to her; my tenderest sympathy has been excited; in short, my tie to my parents is only far too strong. It is most interesting to be at Edward's house. He and Catherine are travelling in the Isle of Wight. We have been living here, or rather I have, very quietly. The weather has been most genial, and the rest truly acceptable. Yesterday my dearest mother and Chenda came to Ham House, so we are all now here. The king is said to be dying, and therefore we are looking to a speedy dispersion.

Again in Scotland, she thus writes:—

Rennyhill, July 26.—My dearest husband yesterday retired from the contest for the burghs. I wish to note this corner in our lives, although I have not yet sufficiently digested it to have anything particular to say. A checquered time since I last wrote. At

Upton till Wednesday 21st June, a hurried winding-up at Devonshire Street; and on Saturday evening, June 24th, the whole party escorted us to the steamer and left us, our two lambs and Sabey not certainly in great luxury. The parting with poor Palmer was one of the most painful; but I was sorely mother-sick too. Our voyage was prosperous, though with some extreme discomfits, and the awful accident of losing a man, who fell or threw himself overboard. Since this my husband has been most hard at work, and not one day at home, except the Sundays, which have been delightful. His canvas bad, sundry ups and downs, not so his faith and content; and yesterday he retired with very great *eclat*. All I can say is, we have, indeed, from our hearts, committed this matter to the decision of our Almighty Father, that we can only accept His dealings, believing that they are surely the best for us. Flatness there is, and I weightily feel the loss it is to my dearest father; to ourselves, in the present, there is great relief and liberty, but we do not yet know the changes it will make. May we indeed be directed and blessed in turning into a new path of life; may we be led in the right way, and enabled to improve the talents still committed to us. We are now full of the deepest interest, I cannot say anxiety, about my father's election.

To T. F. B., on his being turned out of Parliament :—

“ Rennyhill, August 1.

“ My dearest Father,

“ This day I cannot pass by without one word, though now utterly in vain to attempt to put on paper the feelings with which I am filled—half

the apprenticeship well over. Your twenty years' labours in Parliament happily and well ended! You, as I believe, most mercifully and lovingly unbarnessed, as it were, and permitted to rest, with something of the sanction, 'Well done good and faithful servant.' I am sure I would not use these sacred words lightly, but I do solemnly believe that they may be accepted by you on this occasion; and O that it may be given you to rest and relax fully. I find in a letter dated December, 1834, these words—'The best thing that could happen to Andrew and me would be to use our utmost endeavours to get in and to be kicked out, which fate I think awaits your loving father, T. F. B.' I cannot condole. I feel nothing but thankful gladness—I should say joy, at the blessing of your release. If I were but with you I should be quite happy, though I do wish most emphatically to say, which I know will comfort you, that this day three years was not only most happy in itself, but the beginning of great and increasing happiness to me, and that my hearty acknowledgment is, 'my cup runneth over!' So I may leave the future, though always in saying this, I feel as if there was one condition I almost must make, that I may continue one in my father's house. With the most heartfelt love and gratitude and continual desires that you may ever be as a green bay tree by the rivers of water,

"I ever am, most lovingly,

"P. JOHNSTON."

P.S.—"Do you remember Mr. S. Rice going to condole with Lord Althorp the day after his being turned out, and finding him cleaning his gun? A good example for you!"

"August 1.

"My dearest Brothers,

"What a week was last to our family! what changes in a fortnight effected! From priding ourselves on having two M.P.'s, here we are without one—all our dignities swept off at one blow. It is, to be sure, a most extraordinary aberration in those wretches to dismiss our father (having known him for nearly twenty years) and to prefer two puppies to him!

"I am now writing on this auspicious day; and, had I time, I am sure I could find subject matter for an essay on it! How crowned have

we been with blessings; and I feel perhaps none is so great as this present rejection of our father by those blind bats at Weymouth!

"If people could but be christened again and newly surnamed, there is no possible reason why Sir R. Peel, Lord John, and some others, should not make up a capital ministry, and carry through all manner of reasonable, quiet reforms. I am sorry our men will not have a right to attend the young queen's coronation and get medals. Well, no bird can be happier in its nest than I am here!"

The following letters are about her aunt Sarah's and cousin Anna's visit to Rennyhill:—

Rennyhill, August 3.

From A. G.—"My dearest Sister,—It is a pleasure to write to you from this interesting and most attractive place. Priscilla is splendid, blooming, and flourishing! At the first glance she struck us as looking pale; but since that, we have done nothing but admire her own outward appearance, as well as everything belonging to her. She is not pale, but quite in good keeping, as to hue, with the roses, which are in profusion before her, and I have seen no white ones amongst them, so there is no quibble in my assertion. She is in good case, and I have not observed a pretence of a cough. This first, to give you certain and positive pleasure. Our kindest of hosts, too, is looking well and in good spirits, not embittered by the ill-treatment he has met with, but just as cheerful and rightminded as ever. I cannot say what a reception they have given us, nor how very happy we feel ourselves with them.

"Yours, A. G."

4th August, Rennyhill (absolutely).

From S. M. B.—"My very dearest Sister,—If anything can make me love you and Fowell more at one time than another, it is now that we are enjoying one of your best gifts to us. I really experience the happy feeling of being in an own child's house, and her prosperity is manifest in every thing around her. Her husband and herself are one to us.



Rennyhill
From a sketch by P. J.



Anna has told you how everything strikes us here—not a luxury wanting; and the scale of things—the comfort and liberty just according with our tastes. Priscilla's appetite is excellent. I dined with them yesterday, and shall, I trust, daily. She no longer sips and picks, but eats and drinks.

"I have their delightful drawing-room for my own, and oh! the treat of the good fire, besides it keeps in without stirring; and I had such a soft sleepful night, and I feel like a bride to day, so happy in our new privileges.

"Priscilla is ready for me. We two first read the Bible together, and get the children. Do accept my hearty thanks for all your remembrance of me, and loving thoughts towards us in my suffering. I am now doing well, and my appetite so good here, taking wine and meat, and their good soup.

"Yours most lovingly,

"S. M. B."

Rennyhill, August 10.

From A. G. to Mrs. C. Gurney.—"My dearest Catherine,—I still cannot give you a good account of Sarah. * * * Everything here is most attractive to us, the house very much so, you would really enjoy it; and I do think if you could some time or other take a journey and see Scotland, it would be more gratification than effort to you. Our windows at Edinburgh gave us a finer view than any panorama I ever saw; but it is, if possible, exceeded by the beauty and interest of this Frith. The first taste we had of the Frith, however, was not so delicious; a taste it literally was, for the day we crossed (the 2nd) it was so rough that the sea water dashed into the carriage, as well as the rain; but the sight of the glowing fires in these rooms (such coals they have!) soon put dreary visions out of our heads.

"As for the house, it is decidedly an attractive one, and full of accommodation. I like it excessively, and, as Anna told us, it is a very roomy house. It is quite out of the way of the village, and yet so near the Church,

that I was carried there in my chair; and there is a nice garden full of roses, fruit and vegetables, in front, and at the back grass fields with a grove of fine old trees."

"Yours very affectionately,

"A. G."

August 10.

From P. J. to her Mother abroad.—"My dearest Mother,—I do feel beginning a letter to you, which must follow you to a foreign land, and not reach you for more than a week at soonest. However we must be hardy as possible about our separation. Dearest aunt Sarah is now come in, so I must go to her; she is a shade better to-day, but is altogether in an illness more than I have ever known her. We got post-horses and went out a drive, but it was sad to see her in much suffering and with an incessant cough. I fear travelling has sadly lost its power of relieving her; they must give up the Highlands, and I think Anna has done so. I am thankful to say this place seems to have suited them as well as any place could; they are most kind in choosing to like and be pleased with everything. Anna is well—I think nothing can exceed her kindness; and she is wonderfully bright and spirited, though very anxious too about aunt Sarah. They talk of going away on Monday or Tuesday. We have got on very nicely as to the house; the servants have all done very well, and the children most sweet. Andrew (the Laird, I mean), all I could wish with Anna—a bright agreeable companion to her, taking her out in the farmer's gigs, reading with her and to her; and we have found many things to please and amuse her. I have been of course devoted to aunt Sarah, reading to her after breakfast, and nursing her up to the utmost of my power; what I long for is, to get down nourishment, but it is most difficult. She is, I think, comfortable in spirits on the whole, and in a most sweet and beautiful state of mind. It has indeed been a great interest to receive them here. I do feel very much about her case, and don't know how I shall bear their going off, though I fully hope to turn to all our own objects with zeal and pleasure, and especially among out-door objects, that of getting up an infant school. I have not yet begun my Sunday school, but fully intend it

as soon as they are gone. I do extremely enjoy and value our present life. I must say, within the walls of our own house and garden, I seem to have nothing to wish for."

"Rennyhill, August 15.

"My dearest Mother,

"I wrote to you on Friday. We went on most quietly with our dear guests—I spending the mornings always with aunt Sarah. They were easily filled between the Bible, letters, and talking—Anna generally reading and writing in the tapestry-room; and after luncheon she and Andrew generally went out together, and twice we got horses and drove out all together in their carriage. We made a point of a nice evening from eight till near ten, reading 'Old Mortality' and playing at chess, which seems to quiet dear aunt Sarah's cough more than almost anything. We then went down to reading. I generally paid aunt Sarah a last and interesting visit at night, finding her in night array on her couch, looking most sweet, but a shadow! She is only too spiritual, both in mind and body—'fine drawn,' as it were—but yet most accessible and thirsting for religious comfort. I never saw a more humble and grateful spirit, receiving, as it were, the cup of salvation with eagerness. She liked Andrew's readings, &c., exceedingly; in short, he was quite their delight. She was tenderly kind to the children, and really enjoyed them more than I expected. Our Sunday was happy, though she was grievously sunk. Anna was with her in the morning; I in the afternoon."

After leaving Rennyhill, her aunt writes:—

"St. Andrews, August 15.

"My dearest, dearest Priscilla,

"Our drive is finished, and we are waiting for the appearance of dinner. I am still elated, alive and afloat, not able to bend, or to feel very conscious that the feast so full is over. I sat upright all the way to St. Andrews like Effie at kirk. I saw the country very well, the Isle of May, Oran, &c., and those fine posts of stone that are so connected with my recollections of Fifeshire.

"Thy dearest is by our side, and thus we are to the last most tenderly cared for; and peace, sweetness, and quietness prevail.

"Dinner over, and the late M.P. gone after late constituents. He will report well of us. The day so balmy, and our intercourse together stamped with the blessing that is sustaining, we are the happier for this fortnight with you. My partner is at the top of gaiety, loquacious, delighted and delightful. Archbishop Sharpe's murder, and the grave of the martyrs our pastime. How well worth seeing are this town and its environs! If you are not well acquainted with its history, do on some excursion of pleasure come and explore.

* * * "I have had my one or two readings and my budget of thoughts, and I see Rennyhill verdant in the sunshine, and its profusion of roses, good emblems of its simplicity and sweetness.

"I am grave, but not unhappy; and I feel much more impressed and gratified by the unlooked-for riches so graciously prepared for us in our sojourn with you, than melancholy over the needs be for our separation.

"S. M. BUXTON."

August 19.

P. J. to her aunt Sarah.—"My mind and imagination have been quite full of your excursions. How clever and enterprising (in short, blue) you are! This is my continual ejaculation. I admire your zeal, and have no doubt it is the best thing for you; but yet I hardly understand it, my dearest aunt, compared with your state here. These rooms are indeed enriched by your images; I trust I shall never lose the sense of them. I think I like everything about the place the better for your having been here and having liked it; I cannot help longing you were here still, and I look at the vacant place of your couch rather wistfully. We intend to be stirred up by your visit in many things; and I am to be very smart all the winter, and clothe myself, if not my maidens, in scarlet! I must go in hopes of getting a breath of air between the showers. With dearest love to you both,

"Ever most affectionately,

"P. JOHNSTON."

Edinburgh, September 8.

From S. M. B.— * * * “For you I have earnestly desired this morning that the voice of joy and gladness may long be heard in your dwelling, and the songs be continued of thanksgiving and praise! O may no evil, no devices of our great enemy, and no acute sorrows of sickness and pain find entrance, or even approach your dwelling. Your telling me that you have been comfortable, and that you have been busy, happy, and well, pleases me more than anything; it was just what ought to be, and what I earnestly desired—that the interest of our being together, and all your thoughts and labours of love for us might prove an encouragement and satisfaction to yourselves.”

Her father paid a visit to Rennyhill, and, after he was gone, she writes to her mother :—

“September 28.

“This will reach you all assembled at Northrepps. I shall picture everything—the garden, court, horses, rooms, and, above all, the dear cottage carriage driving up. Often, indeed, is the image of my dear window and its red fringe of leaves before me. How thankful I am to have you so nicely, and sitting to Delacourt! The remembrance of my father's visit is a feast to me. He was beyond himself—fastening and fascinating to me. I never saw him so delightful—so good, tender, and accessible. He came amongst us as a minister; and I saw but gifts and graces abounding in him.”

“October 28.

“My dearest Charles,

* * * “Now, I must turn to the subject on which I intended my letter should have chiefly been—your Sunday classes. I only wish I could express myself as clearly as I feel. My difficulty is not to fill the hour, but to crowd in it all I have to do. I first begin by hearing them the task I have set them, which is a hymn and two or three verses of the Bible. I am very particular that they should say it loudly, distinctly, and slowly; and this often requires many repetitions to attain. I say a line myself, and make

them follow me, sounding every syllable. That done, I fix their lesson for next week, and read it over with them, make them read it, and see that they thoroughly understand it, asking the meaning of every word the least difficult, and talking to them about it. We then turn to the Bible; and the only difficulty is, to get through eight or ten verses—so many questions arise, and so much conversation. I have been weeks this autumn travelling through the first chapter of Genesis—‘God made the herb.’ ‘What is an herb?’—‘In this instance it means all vegetables.’ ‘Tell me a vegetable.’—‘A cabbage.’ ‘Everyone tell me a vegetable.’ This rouses them up. ‘What are the uses of vegetables?’—‘We eat them.’ ‘What vegetables do we chiefly eat?’—‘Corn, potatoes.’ ‘What other use?’—‘To clothe us.’ ‘What other?’—‘To build houses, to make fires, to build ships, &c.’ ‘How good was God in thus supplying our needs!’ The same about animals, fish, &c. Questions may be multiplied indefinitely if you get the trick of it. This, however, is just to rouse and amuse them; it may easily be made more serious—the fall of man—disobedience to God. ‘If I were to swear or break the Sabbath, what should I do?’—‘Disobey God.’ ‘How so?’ ‘Point out the commandments,’ &c. Then offer a reward for another text to be found against next Sunday to the same effect—the Sabbath, for instance—‘I will give a halfpenny to anyone who will find the first mention of the seventh day and the blessing of it.’—(Genesis ii, 1, 2, 3.) Then the next Sunday about the manna, giving them a hint and perhaps the book, and may be the chapter, where it is to be found. Then, whenever it is possible, a word of feeling exhortation thrown in—how blessed is obedience, &c., &c. Well, all this done, I hurry away the Bibles and make a great treat by a bit of a story, asking thousands of questions too foolish to repeat. If aunt Cunningham goes to Northrepps, get her to give all your classes (and you) a general lesson—she opened my eyes to the knack!”

Rennyhill, November 14.

To her Mother.—“Yesterday, we had for us a mite of gaiety—nine young ladies to tea! I thought I would try and wake up these half-alive damsels, so have got them to form a little Dorcas Society, which is to meet once

a-month, to work for the poor. They came at six. Tea in the dining-room, of course shy enough, but melted under the influence of the children, and the Laird's sociability—with tea and cake. At seven we adjourned to the drawing-room, all settled round the table—work was prepared—I talked to them, and we formed our Society; then the master came and read the negro report, and we expounded and explained, and astonished their weak minds; altogether, our evening was very successful."

November 15.

To S. M. B.—"How wonderfully welcome your delightful parcel—how each thing and everything is appreciated! You will laugh; but nothing interested me more in it than the little bit of oilcloth, bringing the dear cottage passage so powerfully to my mind, with its very sights, sounds, and feelings; I kept it all the evening on the rug before me, and am going to make it into a cover for the tiny table which stands by my bedside, the same which held our great grandmother's Bible during the five years she lay in bed, mourning for her husband and scolding her maids. I now always wear the green silk pelisse you gave me, indoors; and every day go out in my tartan pelisse, which, with its large tippet and boa, makes a capital winter dress; Shetland gloves and shoes, bonnet wadded and lined throughout. (Please to observe how prudent I am!) We have had a charming walk this 'caller' day, visiting the poor and enjoying the sight of the boats arriving with their loads of beautiful small haddocks. There is a supply of pleasant objects out of doors, and a natural simplicity and zest in the ways of things here, which is delightful to me. * * *

"In all important concerns, the chief thing is not to act unripenly in any measure; not the main, for surely the first, second, and third advice is to spend all strength in craving, and seeking light, and direction out of oneself. We have been going on quietly enough, not a breeze in our world, except the Dorcas meeting on Monday, and the Bible meeting to-morrow; plenty to do, extreme regularity, lovely bracing weather, much of each other, and our bairns, have kept us very happy. I often am impressed with our blessings, especially at the wonderful improvement in my own inward happiness. Would you had seen, or I could describe a visit we paid to-day

to an old fish wife, whose daughters we thought had, as Walter Scott says, 'slightly confused the ideas of mine and thine,' the exclamations, the kisses, the tears, the scripture, the ejaculations, the broadest Scotch of the Laird's preachment about the dochter, and the *partan tues*,* were a comedy. My basket was seized by main force out of my hand, and two shells thrust in it by way of propitiation."

Northrepps Cottage, December 7.

From S. M. B.—"My dearest Priscilla,—I have just been making some notes for our book, of your father's story to us yesterday. We dined at the Hall, to hear the history of his visit to Weymouth, and I must report them to you. I think he is looking well, and has the effect of being relieved by having accomplished a good deal. On Thursday the 24th, he reached Bellfield, found my uncle a little shaken by his attack. On Saturday morning, T. F. B. dressed himself in his best, with Andrew's smart blue pins, &c., 'quite killing,' and with my aunt B., went to the Royal Assembly Room, which was filled with grown persons, as well as with boys and girls, and there he received the address from the young people, with a most splendid silver box; he was gratified and found no lack of words, exhorted them, "not, as they proposed, to follow his example, but to mark his advice, and he would tell them how to get on in the world, and never to fail, to get good principles, and to let all their influence and energy and usefulness be directed to good purposes, &c., &c."

"In the evening, Edward arrived. Sunday—Wyke Church, and 'poetical morals' from Mr. Payne. Monday, dressed again to go to the Assembly Room, to receive the piece of plate; and a most handsome candelabrum it is, extremely well executed, and the three figures, Religion, Liberty, and the Negro, elegant and beautiful. He was received well, and whilst he addressed them, many shed tears. Two widows of his former friends, Loader and Beddome, entered at the time, and he seeing them, promptly referred to their husbands' labours, and to those of his late good friend Mr. Penny. I asked my brother if my aunt was pleased? 'Yes, all said they were delighted, and my aunt cried all the time!'

* Small crabs,

"At the dinner his party gave him, which was a pleasant one, he told them he should withdraw all his annual subscriptions, amounting to £300, and that Lord Villiers might pay them now; and this, like his other declarations, was applauded!

"Edward afterwards made them a speech, a very good one, on the pleasure their present would give to his mother and all the family, and particularly on the satisfaction he should have in eventually possessing the treasure!

"Many asserted that nothing would induce them to take any part in another election, excepting my brother came forward, and then they pledged themselves to support him.

"The following lines appeared in the next Sherborne paper:—

'You did right when to Buxton you offered this treasure,
And gave to your bounty its well deserved scope;
If by merit to others your favour you measure,
A tea-spoon will do for both Villiers and Hope.
As for Horsford and Howard, and Bower and such,
Throw a sixpence among them, 'twill pay them too much.'

The sting of this was, that the haughty Col. H. is brought in between the two townfolk.

"On Tuesday, 28th, T. F. B. and E. N. B. reached Upton. Wednesday met the Anti-Slavery Committee, proposed an address to Lord Glenelg on the revision of the West Indian Laws, and on seven other points. On Friday went to Lord Glenelg with William Allen, Josiah Forster, &c. Saturday, beside other calls, 'called on Zac,* found him very gleesome; he exactly meets my mind,' says your father.

"Sunday staid at Upton; Betsy's sermon excellent, grounded on that prayer for the Ephesians, 'That Christ may dwell in their hearts;' her language admirable, 'smooth as skating.'

"S. M. Buxton."

* Zachary Macauley, Esq.

December 20.

P. J. to her sister C. B.—“We were indeed delighted with dearest E.’s speech at the meeting; it was the *bonne-bouche* for our Dorcas ladies. I read them a long rigmarole about the Kat River out of sundry magazines, registers, &c., after which, Edward’s delightful speech whereat they grinned for joy, and clearly to me were immensely elevated at the thought of any one of the party belonging to such a genius; like a man here who said when George the II. was in Edinburgh, ‘I see’d the man who see’d the king.’ Our work was next day partly distributed to the extreme satisfaction of the rheumatic old wives. ‘Eh! but ye’re useful folk,’ was the exclamation, ‘I fin the bield (warmth) o’t already.’”

Northrepps, December 21.

From S. M. B.—“Your dear aunt Catherine’s visit to us (from last Thursday to yesterday) answered capitally; her Christian graces are both abounding and mature; not the green ear, but the corn rich and ripe for the granary. Her spiritual wisdom, experience, and faith, are good evidences of her internal state; and her increasing humility and patience, as well as her confiding and affectionate dependence both on God and man, must endear her with redoubled fervour to all our hearts. Our family readings have been delightful in her hands. Her company also was most valuable to us—I felt her influence so good, healing, and cheering—and I believe the reaction of her being so much to us, was good for her own dear self.

“S. M. B.”

Rennyhill, Sunday, January 7.—We have had full three months of most regular quiet settlement since our dear English visitors left us. Now I wonder that more has not been done, yet in some respects it is a fair meadow that has been watered by our still stream. My life has been chiefly busied in making the daily wheel go round, a humble but profitable calling, and a happy one, though at times my nature frets for something to show for the

weeks. It is wonderful how little I have read or done of any kind, except the daily guiding to the house ; amusing and teaching my little Andrew, and writing home. Then, on the other hand, our out-of-door avocations and objects have been regularly and very happily pursued. They have comprised great numbers of visits in Anstruther and Cellardyke, mostly, I trust, tending to some good. Sundry excursions about the country, and about forty sketches from nature. I have also pursued my drawing pretty diligently every evening ; and we have read several books on education, and some of amusement, Sir W. Scott's life, &c. Our morning Bible readings have been regular and truly valuable. My attempts at acquisitions have been Greek and spinning, in neither of which my proficiency has been extravagant. My own secret religious state has been much upon my mind, and I do trust not without some effect. I have read very carefully "The Anxious Inquirer," and am now going through "Owen on Spiritual Mindedness"—a searching and trying book ; may it indeed be to the stirring up of my soul ! Our Sunday Schools have prospered ; and to-day we parted with twenty-seven children who have been regularly taught, and I do believe to some good purpose. I may say, great has been our measure of domestic peace, increasing unity, and sense of blessing in our happy marriage : our darlings all we can desire : I, wonderful in my own health, able to walk some miles, and stronger than I have ever been. One of the leading interests and objects of the year has been the very tiny commencement of my boy's education. O what a delicate and

what a most important work to begin, that which we trust is never to end, but to grow into the influence of the whole man. My dearest husband has been happy, and hard at work; his anchor quite steady, whether in storm or in calm. The people are so fond of him; and his opportunities of usefulness are great, the very language he talks to them giving him such influence. Now my heart is quite overflowing with the most joyful prospect of soon being again with my beloved mother, I feel as if it would be a sort of Heaven to be once more with her. Oh! may it be so.

Northrepps, March 11.—We left our home in bright, calm frost, on Wednesday, January 17, reached Dundee, and sailed in all prosperity and hope; however, misery soon came—and without dwelling on the particulars, very, very great was our misery till Sunday morning, when we landed at Blackwall—a breakage in the boiler which made us go back one hundred miles, and intense cold, &c.; so that I hope we never again shall try a winter passage. We were received with overflowing kindness at Upton, and here a most joyful meeting! Edward came in a day or two, and one glorious week the whole of us had together.

We reached this place on the 26th January.

On A. G.'s helping T. F. B. in some of his work:—

The Cottage, March, 1838.

S. M. B. to P. J.—“My dearest, dearest Priscilla,—With the grand productions of my partner's genius I must send a little note; and now that the work for this immediate occasion, seems pretty well accomplished by

her and her amanuensis, I may write without constraint. I am so glad I have not teased you with an anxious line; but I have not been insensible to the risk for my partner's health; and I have my fears that her nerves might give way before it quite suited our tender Master's convenience to allow a pause—his love and sweetness and willing approbation of her talents and of the little degree of service she renders him are as perfect as can be, only that he can be too stimulating to her. She would—she does—heartily unite with you and me in wishing ardently to meet his mind, to please him, to save him trouble, and so to prolong his life. How glad I shall be if this parcel does gratify him! and if so, you and I may take the credit of it. She would never have come forward if I had not smoothed the way and made her feel that you would like her as a fellow-labourer. My partner has not even some days gone to the garden door to feed the shell ducks, and neither rest nor food could she bend to; even I think for a dozen hours almost without a break. * * * For courage and solace under every care, I can only seek so to steady my faith on Christ, and pray that we may so love Him—so feel that we live, move, and have our being in Him—that we may be satisfied at the disposal of all our members. He is the Head: and we may hope we are portions of His body; and He cares for all! Farewell!

Upton Cottage, May 9.—We have trodden a varied path since I wrote. Two more valuable months have been lent us, and have slipped from us. On Monday, 30th, we came to this sweet cottage—a most opportune nest provided for us—our dearest parents with Edward, and we all almost living together.

"Upton, May 17.

"My dearest Anna,

"Though sorely tired, I must tell you that yesterday the Aborigines meeting went off in fine style. It was a very small meeting, but what it wanted in body it made up in soul. It was all spirit, facts, zeal, fervour, and

excellent speeches. My father spoke for an hour 'out of Miss Gurney' he says. Uncle Gurney uttered the musical voice of the Earlham race beautifully, and the Society has got a nice launch. It is odd, and we are very proud to think of the moving spring down at the cottage built to shoot pheasants, now employed to stir continents! That meeting, and all its soul, would not have been but for Miss G. I think aunt Sarah may be proud; her partner only looks sulky, I dare say, and teases Wamba. Andrew is working like a slave, and it is well, but what labour there will be in cutting down the much too much they are piling together! I only hope—

'That the children at Northrepps will take pleasure in breaking
What the children at Upton take pleasure in making.'

"Most lovingly,
"P. J."

Sunday Evening, June 10.—I do not like to conclude our six weeks in this sweet little home, without a word of grateful acknowledgment. We have been greatly favoured, and I have enjoyed some truly happy hours. We as yet see not our future clearly; but we are sure the bounds of our habitation are fixed, and will be given us in mercy and wisdom, and blessed for me.

Rennyhill, July 30.—We have had a delightful journey home; I can hardly say how much so; there was a glow granted to me, especially, for which I did and do feel most thankful; such a lively pleasure in seeing all the well known places, and in returning to our sweet home. It was one of the days of a merry heart. This place looking most inviting, gay and verdant, and greatly improved by our clearings away of last year; the house in complete order, clean and comfortable. Wednesday is the 1st of August, and a glorious day always; but, above all,

this year, when all, we believe, of the West Indian slaves will be finally and fully set free. Our hearts rejoice, though we are curiously cut off from the triumph; but if good is done, may we be heartily willing, like our noble father, to be forgotten. It is indeed a wonderful work effected; may it continue to be blessed and prospered.

July 31.

P. J. to H. B.—“I have heartily enjoyed our return; and we have felt most thankful to be not only supplied, as we are, so faithfully with our daily bread, but to have the sweetmeats of life, as it were, thus added to our share! We never were so happy, I think, as we are now—our course never so clear, our affairs never in such good order; and oh! no election or Parliament in view. This is our life:—We get up at seven; and therefore I am quite ready for my porridge just before reading at half-past eight. At ten we read together delightfully, and at eleven I have the children, the interim filled with my own serious book, often in the garden. After the little lessons, I read to Sophy, and give the hour from twelve to one to letters, accounts, etc., walking, resting, my own entertaining book, and the children, fill up my easy, indulgent life till dinner, the children and music till tea, then reading, drawing, and work.”

Rennyhill, August 1.

P. J. to her Mother.—“I surely must write on this date, whatever happens; and what a bright, delightful day it is! Everything seems to smile; may everything be smiling in the West Indies, and on you, and on all our dear interests! We are loaded with roses, and everything most verdant. We had a valuable Sunday at Largo; the drive delicious, and the country so very attractive. The service (communion) lasts from ten to six—you may suppose I should not call it nice if I had that to sit through—but we went out after our table, had a good luncheon and rest, and returned for the end; afterwards home. I felt it extremely serious and interesting; the exhortations were most striking and instructive; and the

general demeanor of the people and feeling of the thing even more so. There were above six hundred communicants. I need not say how we have felt the return of this happy day; I have heartily longed to be with my dearest father on it. Pray send us the *Patriot*, or anything, to tell what anybody has done or said about it."

Aunt Fry's visit :—

"Rennyhill, August 27.

"Where shall I begin? First in raptures at my delicious pen; my father is a present-giver indeed—three cards full! My life will be the happier for them—a thousand thanks—and then the book, the book ('Slave-Trade and its Remedy,' T. F. B.); its exterior is beautiful indeed, and most stylish, not, I think, quite so 'fat' as I expected—altogether, it looks most attractive; but we have not yet had time even to read the preface, our guests have occupied us so entirely. Well, now, to turn to them, great were our preparations; everything we could devise was sent for, orders reiterated, beds, rooms, desks, examined over and over again, dinners, breakfasts, suppers, all arranged; in short, I may say we did our utmost best, and never yet had our house in such order for any of our visitors; often did I think of myself—

'A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend and had a soul;
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion *coûte que coûte*.'

"On Friday we journeyed down to the pier at Anstruther, where, after watching two steamers pass, the third stopped, and John Sanderson's white broad brim soon comforted our eyes. We got them all up safely on the pier, and we ladies came here in an omnibus. Fires were in their rooms and in the drawing-room, fresh flowers, and all bright, and the place, I must say, looked sweet; the garden so cheerful and gay, all had been brushed up—gates, roads, and all. They were very tired, and all went to bed soon after nine. This we just enjoyed, it was really making us useful. Next day I was a great deal with aunt Fry in her room; and we had our

first Fife dinner party of fourteen—three lairds and their wives, aunt Fry and her two squires, and others. It all went off beautifully; aunt Fry was as charming as herself. When we went upstairs, our tea company (ten more) flocked in. Aunt Fry talked to the ladies before the gentlemen came up, and the fascination began to spread. We led her into a speech, after tea and coffee, which soon riveted everybody; and, by a few timely questions and feigned ignorance on our part, we got her to tell all about Edinburgh and Aberdeen, then Newgate, then Paris, till all were quite bewitched—their faces were quite droll to look at; and pressing invitations, love, gratitude, and admiration poured in.

“Next day (Sunday), in the evening, we went to the public meeting, which we found moved from the appointed place to a larger dissenting meeting-house, which held about six hundred. Aunt Fry and her companions sat in the reading desk; we on the steps, as close as possible. It was crammed—the heat and suffocation extreme; but nothing could exceed the beauty of both manner and matter.

“I have been thankful to have a good deal of her company. We took one long walk on the shore yesterday morning. I was with her almost entirely before they went off: she certainly was most delightful all through—whether her abilities or her sweetness are more remarkable, I hardly know. I am proud, as you may suppose, of showing off such an aunt; and everybody’s admiration of her was extravagant enough to satisfy even me. I cannot say how wonderful she is—more wonderful than ever—a perfect genius.

From her cousin Anna, who was abroad at this time with S. M. B.:—

“Dijon, September 3.

“We passed a curious week in the Highlands, (the Oberland), it rained two days out of the seven, yet we visited both the glaciers of Grindelwald, and were carried upon the farthest and largest, and I into the cave whence the torrent issues into the very blue ice chamber alongside the gulf, a position in which no chair had ever been placed before; but I had, among my seven supporters, three of the five Chamois hunters who had scaled

the Jungfrau, another man roughing the ice for their feet. Your aunt, however, saw they, even they, had had enough of it, so did not ask them to repeat the feat with her, but they carried us both some way up the glacier where it was plain sailing, and where they only wanted a few notches chopped for their feet! Her quotation afterwards (I will do her taste the justice to say, not at the time) was,

‘Two children sliding on the ice,
All on a summer’s day!’

“The day was wretched, it rained so pouringly as we were going, that the very goats shook their beards at us from the doors into which they had run for shelter; however, just as we got to the spot, it held up, another proof of the advantage of obstinacy. That was one feat, Priscilla! but it was not the best; we have been carried in two open chairs all over the Wengern Alps, under the Eiger and the Jungfrau, a splendid day all across from Grindelwald to Lauterbrunnen. The feat there, was in performing the passage after eleven, which is generally begun at six in the morning. I have been in one of my tantrums at the rumour of war between France and Switzerland, (no very pleasant prospect), and gave way to Gurney vacillation till I lost five good hours, and then cried at having disappointed myself; but after all we started with a prime guide—‘a broth of a boy.’ At the Scheideck we saw an avalanche, coming as if it had been ordered on purpose, but even the avalanche was nothing to the abiding glories of that scene. * * *

“Ever yours,

“A. G.”

September 14.

To A. G. and S. M. B., on their arrival from abroad.—“The history of your adventures, and of your being carried on to the glacier, and aunt Sarah’s quotation so exactly like herself, how I have enjoyed! I am sure it was a wonder that the second couplet was not as true as the first. ‘It so fell out they all fell in,’ but it makes me shudder to think of it. This has been certainly the most successful of all your journeys, and what a double mercy is this, after the frights and anxieties of last year. I trust we shall be stirred up by

these great mercies, to fresh zeal of heart in the great things ; I do so desire that we may not stop short of this in our enjoyments and thankfulness. Rennyhill has been to me next to faultless this year ; the country is now lovely with harvest, just beginning with great spirit ; our garden bright and cheerful, few appearances of autumn yet, though I do see the Virginian creeper just beginning to blush, and as the old gardener said to me, ‘the robin is singing of autumn.’”

September 23.—How has it been my desire that we may indeed practically know Jesus as the Shepherd of our souls, leading us into green pastures and beside still waters, feeding us, guiding us, protecting us ; and oh ! how tenderly have I felt that point in the description—“He shall carry the lambs in his bosom” ; may they indeed, body and soul, circumstances and dispositions, be carried in His bosom ! how safely may we leave them there—how fully yield them up to those tender arms ! I desire, while striving to the utmost for their good, to keep off excessive anxiety by this thought : His they are, and carried in His bosom ; may we all be as little children too.

About twenty minutes for prayer I find fully short for all my many wants—for husband, children, servants, parents, sisters, aunts, uncles, &c., &c., self, the slaves, slave-trade, our schools, and all efforts : may my prayers be made spiritual enough ! How wonderful are the Scripture encouragements ! I have much felt that word “importunity” ; may I be indeed importunate for the blessings I most need for myself and others. I have much felt that verse—“We which have believed do enter unto rest.” O may I know this rest of soul and spirit, now, and for ever.

Rennyhill, September 27.

To C. E. H.— * * * “I think it is right to take pains to cultivate the eyes and ears of children for nature—the flowers, clouds, sea, birds, all help. I do not so much point out to my children as express my own pleasure and admiration, and it is caught in a moment; also, I think if young children are afraid of the dark, the weakness ought to be most tenderly dealt with, by perhaps walking about the house together without a candle, talking and telling stories, and enjoying the quiet dark. Our lessons are very pleasant: we have to-day finished the second page of three-letter words, and I think shall begin them again. We spell, look at pictures in infantine knowledge, read over the alphabet, and, for a treat, find and mark all the o's or any other letter in a page. Then Scripture illustrations; we look at a picture and talk about it—one picture lasts us several days. Sunday is made very much of a treat: the cake, clean clothes, a large picture Bible, walks with papa and mamma in the garden—we quite count the days till it will be Sunday.”

“Rennyhill, October 16.

“Yesterday, to our great pleasure, our Infant School began with twenty-four, who came with their parents, and many lookers-on. We had taken many journeys and bestowed much pains in preparing and fitting up the room, and it was very pretty. Armed with a parcel of raisins, I went about. We had some speechifying, singing, &c. Andrew made an excellent address to the parents, wrote down the names, and took the first pence. Then, with care, we slipped the parents away; but oh! when the truth broke upon the brats' minds that they were alone with the mistress and me, oh! the unparalleled roaring: I am sure English children could not have yelled with the same perseverance and in the same sort of business-like way. Raisins being done, in despair I called out of the window to some one to get some sweeties; and at length, by coaxing, singing, ringing of bells, &c., &c., they were tolerably quieted, except about five little toads who collected round the door, kicked, and stamped, and bellowed, scratching their heads all the time most vehemently, so that I now well know what ‘tearing of hair’ means. One little fair boy, with white hair and rosy cheeks, threw

back his head, settled his mouth wide open, and began one continuous and deafening yell. At length, being quite bewildered, and every moment afraid of all the rest joining in chorus, we yielded, and let the rebels out—whether they will ever be brought back, I doubt. My children came in in the middle; their dear clean faces and wondering stare entertained me not a little. To-day I have not heard whether the storm has subsided.”

“October 19.

“We have been down—rather in fear and trembling, to see, as it were, ‘Daniel in the Lion’s Den,’ and to know how poor Mrs. Taylor was faring. ‘Weel, bairns, how’s a’ wi ye the day?’ ‘We’re a’ greetin thegither,’ was the reply, in a most blubbering tone.”

“October 25.

“Well, here we are, within two days of our departure from this dear place. We have had a busy week—on Monday our principal packing of all heavy things—and of course heaps of business collecting at last, in spite of every attempt to get them out of the way beforehand: many, many take-leave calls to pay—eighteen yesterday! The great warmth of feeling shown was delightful; and the clear evidence of some little measure of harvest among them, more this year than before, I think. We were delighted to hear of some of our infant rebels now crying to go to the school, and the dread of being kept away held out as the worst punishment by their parents. The Sunday School, too, greatly cheered up.”

Northrepps, December 2. — We sailed from Dundee and had a noble passage of thirty hours till we stopped off Cromer light about six on Thursday evening. Well, after many miseries and fears, the Cromer boat was alongside; more than joyful was our jump on to Cromer sands about half-past nine. Mr. H. Johnson was there; we hurried up to Tucker’s, and crowded round the blazing wood fire till a carriage was ready, in which we had a truly joyful drive up here; stopped at the pond for

fear of a start, Mr. J. ran in the back way, found them all in at reading, but in a very few minutes my father and Chenda came tearing out; and, amidst acclamations of all kinds, we got into the drawing-room. It was one of the memorably happy hours of life, and oh! what cause of thankfulness. I know life is and must be a pilgrimage, may I therefore fix my eyes and thoughts cheerfully on the rest which remaineth where perfect peace shall flow as a river, and we shall bear the image of the heavenly as we now bear that of the earthly. To leave myself, my precious mother has been in delicate health, and I have suffered accordingly; but she is better and has got out again. I am drawn towards her by ties too tender for expression; how far am I from equalling her! Last week my dearest father and husband spent in London, engaged about the slave trade, a crisis of immense importance, so immense that our minds can hardly grasp it. May the Almighty arm indeed be stretched forth for its aid, to guide, prosper, and control the efforts of man; and may our dearest ones be permitted to see in some degree the labour of their hands and the travail of their souls.

Fowell Buxton Johnston was born at Northrepps, Jan. 5, 1839.

The following extracts refer to the prospect of settling at Halesworth:—

“ February, 12.

“ My father is going off by mail to Mr. Gurney—what an important crisis to us! I feel the magnitude of it to be almost too great to cope with. Oh! may it be undertaken by stronger hands than ours, and wiser counsels followed than we can furnish! This interview will settle our course;

probably he will not return till to-morrow evening after shooting at Felthorpe; his prayer this morning for guidance and blessing was most striking."

"February 14.

"Well, my father is returned, and his news fills my whole heart and thoughts. We are to go to Halesworth. Andrew has fixed to begin there on the 5th of April. As for poor me and my brood, I know not what we shall do; but most resolved am I to bear discomfords with cheerfulness and quietness of spirit; and may my earnest desires for help in this, and for a blessing on our great change of life, be granted. The pain and drawback lie almost entirely in breaking away from this most dear home, and in Andrew's giving up his privileged post with my father. Alas! alas! there will be the need of an aide-de-camp! I can truly say that great as are the advantages of the change, I can only meet it on the serious belief that our way has been ordered for us, our path appointed, and we cannot safely follow any other."

To a looker on there seems nothing but prosperity in the thing, but I can truly say it is fraught with exercise of faith, patience, and submission, and the secret tearings of it are not few. We have had lamentable letters from Scotland; there indeed is a thorough pang, yet it is one I am most thankful to feel prepared for; but at Northrepps never again can we hope to be living.

Sunday, May 5.—This most lovely spring day, watching my little ones at play under the trees, can my mind be otherwise than peaceful, thankful, and joyful. Life is too interesting, too full for this. I cannot stop for the quantities I might say, but just to record our wonderfully interesting morning. After reading in Peter, &c., my father's prayer such an extraordinary epitome of all our state and interests, family, personal, and

public ; his thanksgivings for our and our children's long stay with them ; his prayer for each of his children, for his grandchildren, for our settlement at Halesworth.

Northrepps Cottage, Sunday, May 12.

From her aunt Sarah Maria Buxton.—“My dear Priscilla,—A word, and supper, and bed. My partner, with an uneasy ankle, in spirits with herself and the morals of Africa.

“My Sabbath began joyously, but, since my return from our pleasant church, has clouded over, though your father's visit was truly an indulgent pleasure. The most cheering sense or thought to-day to myself has been the consideration of the omnipresence of Christ. To the angels, to the spirits of the happy, as I have read somewhere lately, you cannot pray, for you know not where to find them, and they are not everywhere; but in our Lord's omniscience we can never be confounded.”

On the 20th of May her father and mother left Northrepps for London, and she went with her children to pay a visit at the Cottage, before starting for Halesworth.

“Northrepps, May 20.

“My dearest Husband,

“I must send thee a line this morning from this truly desolate house. Our precious parents started before five this truly lovely and favourable day, and we trust are now far on their way. My mother was but middling yesterday, but thought herself nicely this morning. Things wound up satisfactorily. Nothing, I think, could well exceed my father's whole mind and company—so extremely rich and interesting—and really in good heart and courage, thinking himself very forward with his second volume, and feeling his course very clear before him; O may it prove so! His reading and prayer last night, and also his prayer with us in the morning, were memorable; truly wonderful is the spirit he carries to his work—a mixture

of intense zeal with the closest dependence. I have borne it pretty well, though I must feel it through and through me, as it were."

At the Cottage, she spent a happy, quiet fortnight—cared for, and indeed "spoilt" (as she herself expressed it). After she left, S. M. B. writes :—

"Do, my choicest, dearest niece, make allowance for our entire failure in telling you of our love and delight in you and yours. We are almost too intimately bound up into one, as to our families, for it to be easy to say afresh how we love each other; and, as you say, life is too short for it.

"Yours,

"S. M. B."

Just after her arrival at Halesworth :—

June 21.

To her Mother.—"I must say that, in spite of outward confusion and bustle without end, there is a bottom of calmness and peace in my heart—of satisfaction and comfort—a sense of rightness and favour in our allotment; may I be thankful for it! The house is very much what I expected, but in some respects decidedly superior. This drawing-room is very pleasant, and will become a delightful room.

"I am quite well, and really bright. In yielding to everything, I find wonderful rest and ease. I cannot express how my father and his work ('Slave-Trade and its Remedy') are in my heart. The book is certainly wonderful—most heart-touching; it is indeed a torch worthy to kindle one of the greatest flames that ever burnt. * * * Please, dearest C., a letter of gossip, for I have some soul left, though my brain is overrun with stair-roads, drugget, &c., &c. I must tell you of our visitors on Tuesday. Uncle Cunningham set off at seven to come here, go to a sale in the neighbourhood, then on to a Bible meeting. Aunt C. saw him off, then ran to the shore to bathe; going back, she met an old gentleman's carriage, and ran up to ask the coachman how his master was?—'My master is very well, and going to spend the day at Halesworth.' With Gurney genius, she saw and con-

trived it all in a moment, flew home, dressed, breakfasted, and was here by eleven! Uncle C. leisurely stalked in about twelve, and was afresh convinced of his wife being a very uncommon one! In the evening she popped off again with her old beau of ninety-five! who, she says, is a wonderful man, and explained to her 'about the Reformation' (meaning the Reform Bill).

"As to us, we are really beginning to feel a little homeish, and I can quite conceive that some day I shall love Halesworth."

July 20.

From her Aunt Catherine Gurney.— * * * "My thoughts and feelings are much occupied with your concerns, and my sympathies all alive to your crosses; but our Heavenly Father can alone determine and appoint for us the needful discipline. His ways are certainly 'not as our ways' in these matters; but we are assured that 'He performeth all things for us,' and that 'He will perfect all that concerns us'—how great is the consolation of this! 'He appoints the bounds of our habitation'—what a relief from care and sorrow is it to resign ourselves wholly to His disposal—to give ourselves up implicitly to His guidance. This is what I know you are doing; and I trust a choice blessing, in some way or other, will be upon you in all your goings. We little know the bearings and connections of events, and are in fact in no degree judges why such and such things are appointed for us, rather than what we should have chosen for ourselves. 'Duties are ours: events are God's,' as Cecil says; and we may sum up the whole by Job xxiii, 8—14. This passage is quite radiant, to my apprehension. With abundance of love.

"Thy most affectionate,

"C. G."

The last note from her aunt Sarah:—

"July 31.

"My dearest Priscilla,

"The best return I can make for the gift of your letter yesterday is, to manage that you shall have a cheering epistle to hail you on your wedding anniversary! Surely the first thing is, to acknowledge all the many favours

bestowed upon us, especially your father's amendment. Last night at Edward's he was many degrees better, and we parted at ten o'clock in good spirits; and your faithful father's last inquiry was, who would engage to write to you to-day? We enjoyed our evening, sitting round the fire, and he telling us all his history. We shall indeed think of you to-morrow.

"Most lovingly,

"S. M. B."

Under no apprehension of increasing illness, her aunt, with her faithful "partner," went to Clifton, where she sank suddenly and rapidly, and died on the 18th of August. The following extracts are here inserted as a slight record of her end:—

Tuesday, August 20.

From A. G.—"My dearest Priscilla,—I am wishing to write you and Andrew a word or two, though I now have lost hold of a few things I had marked down to write to you. I find even my memory a good deal shaken. I have sense enough to feel the greatness of your sorrow an aggravation of misery. The thing on which I rest, in feeling as well as in sight, is her heavenly expression of countenance, the most sainted look, all her very best remaining, and free from pain—perfect repose and much beyond it. It would seem as if the glorified body were already given me in possession for a little moment, as a foretaste of what I shall meet her. 'She hath kept the faith,' beaming from every line of her exceedingly beautiful and serene countenance. From the calming influence of it, I dare not separate myself. The doctor who saw her on Sunday expressed to me how exceedingly he had been struck by her then; he saw at once she was a person of superior mind; her manner was so gracious during that night of dimness and distress, he says she must have been a person of most energetic mind to keep up such a tone on Sunday with no pulse. May you be safe and resting: we are—one of us is, we know. I am doing well, not the least let down, however, from the pitch to which I was screwed. It is rather painful to feel so sternly proof against emotion of any kind. I feel dead to the world in the common

sense of things, but not dead to your mother; there to me is the least dreamy feeling, for I could tremble when I think of her."

P. J. reached Clifton on the 21st of August, and the following extract is from a letter to her mother:—

"Clifton, August 22.

"A most wonderful scene indeed are we in; but O may we be thankful the case is what it is! that for her our hope is certainty, and that her end was peace. How can I possibly describe Anna? she is herself. The most extraordinary power shown, both in grief and action. The contrast between the deep stillness, the solemn calm, and almost ethereal look of the one, and the power, the vigour of mind and body and feeling in the other is wonderful. She will follow the hearse. She settles everything—hymns, tunes, everything. She is most tender about you; and is indeed an exaggeration of herself, yet does behave so well! The precious remains were truly lovely—refined, intellectual, almost spiritual; and oh! the picture of the two. Anna clung to the coffin; and Edward said it was like that expression—'Free among the dead.' She was like a mother over her child with it. Our dearest aunt's whole dress and appearance were truly saintly; and the delicate white and deep stillness, the speaking calm of the one, against the large person, deep mourning, and rather impetuous grief of the other, was a sight never to forget."

In her journal she thus writes:—

We went to Northrepps on the 19th of August; they so delighted to see us; and the meeting altogether especially bright. Our evening ended over Anna's education paper, and we went to bed little expecting the events of the night. At two o'clock in the morning my father came into our room, bringing the letter-summons from Dr. Ash, sent off from Bristol at six o'clock on Sunday

morning. Soon we fixed that my father and I should go off directly. We prepared quickly, and were off in the carriage before four. On our way we heard in the road from a passenger in the down "Telegraph," the tidings that all was over, that my precious aunt was indeed gone. The pain of it cannot be expressed; our journey was most melancholy. We arrived at Upton, and the next morning W. E. Forster and I went off and reached the Royal Hotel, Clifton. In two days I returned to London, and found my dearest father in the very press of his work, looking most sadly worn with toil and sorrow. He had had the fullest of days; it was curious that they seemed a turning point in his cause. He and the Committee had made up their minds what to ask of the Government, and this he had to write down and present the next day. At half-past three in the morning, being unable to sleep, he called me, and I wrote for him till near seven. We accomplished a very good letter, which was well worth while, and I was already so tired that nothing could tire me more.

September 2.

Letter to C. E. H., from her Sister-in-Law, A. Hoare.—"My dearest Catherine,—I will send you the account of the funeral. The day was so lovely, the sea, the woods, everything looking to perfection; a contrast, indeed, to the mournful hearts and countenances of all. Most painful to us all was it going into the cottage. Cousin Anna was in the room they used to sleep in; the bed is taken down. She was sitting in her wheel chair, with dear aunt Sarah's couch in the room; she was wonderfully calm when we went in, and looking just like herself, but she immediately burst into tears, and a most affecting interview we had. At about twelve

we all assembled in the drawing-room (at the cottage), in the midst of which was the coffin. When we were all seated, Cousin Anna wheeled in, her countenance bespeaking immense effort. She was perfectly calm, however, she went up to the coffin and kept her arm steadily on it the whole time. Can you not fancy the room, the sun shining brightly in? Just as silence and perfect stillness had commenced, poor Spot crept into the room; you cannot think the painful feeling even that little incident gave. Hannah, by cousin Anna's orders, put the poor creature out, and all was still again. Uncle Forster spoke very sweetly; afterwards cousin Anna, in the most impressive, solemn, and affecting manner, bearing on the coffin: I think she began something in these words—'O Lord, now that my partner's lips are closed, enable me to implore Thy blessing on all those she so dearly loved.' She then prayed that her influence might remain amongst us; and it was a most solemn time, and deeply impressive. Cousin Anna went in her own carriage with uncle Buxton. The loveliness of the day, the procession of fifteen carriages moving slowly down the road among the crowds of people, the soft voices of the children at every pause, and the deep melancholy over all, made it a most striking, touching time. After the service in the Church we all walked round into those dear ruins; the sight itself was most interesting—cousin Anna herself at the head of the grave, in her chair, perfectly calm, the coffin placed at the foot, we all collected round. Mr. Carr read the service beautifully; and uncle Cunningham addressed the people before we left the grave, and then we moved away."

To P. J. from A. G.—Alone at the cottage—"We had a gale on Thursday night, which increased my sense of desolation. The storm without was a different pastime when there was sunshine within to return to. I am a little weaker, I think, than I used to be, for the gusts, though not very severe, took my breath away just like waves when bathing. Was I a little pleased that my timbers are not quite teak? I have not confessed it before, Priscilla, if I was.

"Yours, A. G."

Halesworth, September 9.

From P. J. to Anna Gurney (Earlham).—"It seems almost wonderful to me that the common course of life should go on after such a breach in our circle as it is. To some of us the practical daily loss is great indeed—I feel so truly the poorer for it; she had such a ready spirit to devise kindnesses; and her sympathy with me in every circumstance of life was closer than I can describe. Our dearest cousin Anna's loss is beyond our fathoming—beyond, I believe, most cases of widowhood; her sorrow partakes of the strength, and most truly of the nobleness of her character; but it is not a case for common powers to cope with. To me, individually, the loss is great indeed—the most loving, faithful, generous, sympathizing friend—the most perfectly dependable in one way, almost in the world. I do long that I may now use the sympathy between us, by following her and dwelling with her where she is."

Later in the autumn, her parents, sister, and two youngest brothers, with their cousin Sarah Gurney, left England to spend the winter in Rome. Cousin Anna joined them there.

Halesworth, January 2.

To A. G. at Rome.—"My dearest cousin Anna,—My thoughts and interests are so entirely and intensely bound to your dearest party, that it is a deliverance you do not hear from me every post day. Your private letter has been indeed most interesting. I cannot say how I have felt for you, my dearest Anna, in all the little corners in your path—all are inevitable points of summarizing, as it were, one's condition; and oh! how deeply have I felt them this time. The loss is indeed most vividly present with me; yet I am very thankful that, on the whole, my impressions are rather of a stimulating, than of a damping kind; my remembrance of her is so lively—my sense of her existence and nearness also—that the influence of her example and mind is perpetually upon me. How it is the case in this little Bible Committee I am trying to revive! Everything I do is what she taught me, and what I think she would like. The pang does indeed return

upon me, that I have not her to write to about it; but how secondary is this! * * * The weather to-day is delicious—mild, fresh, and sunny—birds singing, and everything sprouting, honeysuckle in leaf, lilac buds green and large, hepatica in flower, and crocuses getting quite tall. I sit, chief of the morning, with window wide open and scarcely any fire; but then such days are rare with us; and you have them, we trust, steadily."

Sunday, April 4.—I have sent my maids into the garden instead of reading with them in the kitchen, giving place to the superior teaching of the crocuses and butterflies; and this gives me a minute to record the felicities of this day. Before church I sat on the green-house step reading a story to my two darlings, shewing them the flowers, the blue sky, and seeking gently to draw their young minds upward. * * * They so joyously happy, pointing to the flowers with little shrill screams of joy. I thought what a happy hour is this!

August 2.—A delicious summer morning. I am at home from church with a slight head-ache and cold, by which I gain a delightfully long pause. I have been feasting on the sight of my precious little group on the lawn, oh! what gifts, what unspeakable treasures; and this I feel they are, whether permitted to remain with us here, or removed to a better garden above. The sweet garden, cheerful, rural-looking house, lovely flowers, &c., have also afresh excited my admiration and gratitude. I may say I lack nothing outwardly, and am so free from cares and crosses. I have been dwelling on the 33rd Isaiah, 16th, 17th, 21st, and 24th verses. Oh! what offers of peace, of grace, and glory of this world and the next. The coming round of our dear 1st of August we



Banks House Halesworth, from the garden.

have of course felt, and acknowledged with great comfort how happy we are, how abundantly favoured, more settled and supplied than on any previous one; what may be our experience before the next? These are indeed days of prosperity when our children are about us. When the candle of the Lord shineth upon our heads, may we not forget the days of darkness, for they are many.

On returning from abroad, A. G. thus writes:—

“Sunday, August 16.

“My dearest Priscilla,—You know I never could fashion my hand to writing much of a journal, yet I feel inclined to write something of my thoughts on these days—more solemn than all the days of the year to me. The very steadiness and constancy of my view of her, saves me from those horrible paroxysms; and then the conviction I have, that however my mortal life may be prolonged, ‘the time is short’; and sometimes I could almost fancy I could discern her own touch in the combination of reliefs which have been granted me, in the little as well as the larger arrangements which have fallen out to my satisfaction, such as that ‘shipwreck to order’ last November (do you remember your terming it so?) as well as the winter at Rome, and the voyage to Greece. I know, however, that all gratitude is due to our supreme Master. He can supply all our need without the intervention of His creatures; and it is a constant joy to me to remember that my beloved is in His keeping; but it is hard to persuade myself that she is taken to a sphere so far above me, that in all probability I have not the faculties to comprehend the service to which her spirit is appointed. Do not think I am taking harm by solitude; as far as it has any effect, I suspect I rather recover strength when quite alone, though I do prize, I am sure, the society of those we have most loved, when it is fairly to be had. I have had all the help mortal can have from most uncommon friends. Now, I must face solitude, and through great mercy, I feel enabled to do so. Her entire

happiness must come before my desolation. I feel very thankfully my remaining blessings.

"Yours, with all love, A. G."

P.S. — "I am truly glad to think of your having the splendid Chenda! I could wish she were my own to live for, for I never saw a creature more to my fancy, much as I generally hate pretty things; but do not tell her so."

Northrepps Cottage, August 26.

P. J. to A. J. — "Uncle Joseph and Anna came yesterday. This morning a most perfect reading, prayers, &c.; then A. G. had him alone over the tablet, and to the ruins, &c. I walked to the Hall, and she took him there and brought me back. There is a party! — the choicest of the earth, I think — I hope to drive out with them to see my father's new estate (Runton), and then to dine at the Hall."

"The Cottage, August 27.

"The family and neighbourhood are in commotion this morning about the public meeting which they had fixed to have in the drawing-room and hall; but we hear hundreds are coming, and expect to have to adjourn under the silver fir. All the wisdom is gone up to settle it. I stay here with A. G. till nearer the time. Aunt Fry and aunt Cunningham came to breakfast; so we were a goodly party at reading, whereat aunt Fry was reader and minister. We went out a most delicious expedition to Runton yesterday, which dressed itself up to be seen in the most lovely colours — the blue sea, white ships, grey churches, green hills, and glowing heather; it did look most beautiful, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. Returned to dinner at the Hall, a busy evening, like thousands before, over uncle Joseph's West India Books."

"Northrepps Hall, Autumn.

"Oh! my dearest, why were you not here last night? We had such a bright evening over the essays! they were most capital; one or two I shall be able to bring home for you, I hope. Oh! I did so wish for you; it was really remarkably bright — a great party, nearly forty in the evening, and all the servants, in the Hall."

Aunt Fry's Essay written in the night :—

“ Autumn, 1840.

“ If you wish to be treated with good cheer, unbounded hospitality, true liberality, constant kindness, sympathy in your afflictions, good nursing in your illnesses, and to see in your landlord, the strong man, the Christian, the philanthropist, combined with the simplicity of the child, and in your landlady the adorning of the beautiful ornaments that decorate the female character, grace being so poured forth, that in meekness of wisdom she fills the place of wife, mother, sister, friend, and hostess, go to the house of Sir T. F. and Lady Buxton, at Northrepps Hall, and do not leave it without your prayers being raised that, through the fulness and freeness of a Saviour's love, they may long live to be blessed, and prove a blessing to their children and children's children, to all around them, and to the world at large.”

February 25.

From T. F. B.—“ My dearest Pris.,—You will like to have a line from me, and you will, I know, be glad to hear that I am more comfortable in my mind about the mines. The sense that everything is divinely directed, that none of these things spring out of the dust, the way in which we are perpetually reminded in Scripture of the benefits of affliction, and, indeed, almost of the necessity of that painful discipline, and everything combines to render me in good heart and resolved that, though the earth be removed and the mountains carried into the midst of the sea, yet I will not fear, and, with God's help, I will not repine, but that I will strive hard and pray hard, that the affliction may produce the intended and the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

“ I send you a letter of Washingtons, in which he asks me to write an address to the inhabitants of Africa. I send you the copy of my answer; but you know very well that such flights never proceeded from my pen, though they went by my name. Could you give me a few ideas?

“ Your affectionate father,

“ T. F. B.”

Matlock, May 4.

From T. F. B.—“My dearest Pris.,—I suppose you know of our extempore flight from Leamington on Saturday morning. Yesterday we employed well; first, in mounting high up on this side and seeing the views; secondly, while age and wisdom took a nap in the dining room, youth and energy crossed the river, ascended to the top of the opposite hill; among these frolicksome youths were Hannah and Martha. Afterwards, we filled two flies with our party of nine, and had a charming excursion to Haddon Hall. The thing that has most interested me, and awakened many old slumbering feelings, is the circumstance that thirty-nine years ago Hannah and I spent a Sunday here; and she says that our first flirtation, so far as she was a consenting party, took place in our walk up the hills behind this house, then bleak and barren, now covered with trees. Could we have then drawn aside the curtain and have seen what we should be on our next visit to Matlock—our youngest child with us, just having entered Cambridge; letters in our pockets from two of our married children, speaking in most pleasant terms of their sons and daughters. Could we have heard the continual address ‘yes, your ladyship!’—‘I’ll obey your orders, Sir Fowell!’—and seen Hannah traversing the hills with her splendid shawl, more radiant than Queen Elizabeth. Had we also been aware that I should have spent twenty years in Parliament, and the gracious Lord had blessed my efforts—I say, could we in the former period have realized what we should be nearly forty years hence, how strange, yet how cheering and interesting, would have been the peep into futurity! and looking back to that long tissue of years, I am constrained most feelingly to confess that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.

“Your affectionate father,

“T. F. BUXTON.”

November 24.

P. J. to C. B.—“I have a book for marks for the children, which I carefully go over with mistress and pupil every week, and after lessons they bring me ‘a character’ and the number of marks. The plan answers well;

I give a farthing for twenty-five. The hammering part of lessons, I am convinced, is best and happiest accomplished not by the mother; but I think most differently of the really mental, intellectual, or heart work of teaching; of course I keep the serious part and Scripture history. To-day we have begun 'Mary's Grammar,' it is a capital book; also 'Reading Disentangled,' by Miss Bevan, author of 'Peep of Day' and 'The Child's Arithmetic,' is very good. I have the pennies they earn for their marks regularly spent in a pencil or a little packet of seeds, &c.; if it is saved it comes to nothing and is wholly swallowed up: the labour of weeks proves not to be worth so much as a casual shilling or half-crown from grandpapa; but if it is spent in an immediate pleasure (of a wholesome sort) it gives a zest to the system of marks. It is their delight when the gardener prepares little penny packets of mustard and cress, radish, &c.; and they go in form to buy them."

Northrepps Hall, October 6.

"A nursery reading is a duty which, though somewhat of an effort, does, I do believe, bring a present payment more than most, exciting the respect and appreciation of servants for their mistress, and giving an opening for the best influence. I do not think I have anything particularly to recommend in what I have read to the maids; the chief point is, to find something which affords a text. I read aunt Sarah's little book on the Sabbath through to them; also the history of Elijah, reading it in the Bible; and then to them passages of Krummacher, previously marked. Now, I have a little book which interests us much ('Village Conversations on the Liturgy'). They have their prayer-books, and so we together look at the scope and plan of different parts of the service. We always learn something every week. It used to be two or three chosen verses out of the chapter we had been reading; after that, we took hymns for a time; and now we are learning the collects—of course the Scripture is constantly used, and often nothing else. Last week when A. was out three evenings, I read through, in the nursery, 'The Last Day of the Week,' to the servants' great interest and pleasure—'The Smile on Duty's Face' for my stimulus!"

Northrepps, April 5.

To Miss Clowes.—“My father now hardly likes to talk of Africa. We can indeed only desire that He, who never grows weary or weak, may remember it for good, and raise up labourers in His own time. How little do we know—how short a way can we see—of the journey on which we are embarked! this first stage is so wonderfully small a part, that our condition during it ought to be almost indifferent in our minds, if the main point is but secured. Oh! what would the principle of faith be, if we had it in lively, vigorous, constant operation; how it would set all things right! how it would give the full measure of acquiescence in present circumstances, of activity in duty—of living hope for the great future! I have thought so much of that beautiful text—‘I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall go in and out and find pasture.’ What liberty, yet what shelter! oh! to taste more of this blessedness. I am staying at the Cottage for two days; and oh! what a spot of interest it is. Cousin Anna is, as always, a true sufferer. Truly is her company rich; the breadth and simplicity of her mind, and her great powers, joined with her unfeigned humility, are a spectacle to contemplate.”

May 10.

From A. G.—“My dearest Priscilla,—I have been too busy to write quite lately, for which I am sorry. How odd it is that life will thus roll on and keep up its engagements. I yield to the stream with a better grace than once I thought possible. There is much to enjoy here on earth; and ‘then cometh the end,’ which (may it not be presumption) I cannot but look to as the crown of all enjoyment! I constantly do keep in mind, though it be in the dim distance, a glimmer of the bright view of our meeting; and I have such happy anticipation of the happy end! Yet I hope and desire to perform the work appointed; and especially to be a faithful fellow-pilgrim to the few to whom I am especially bound, and to bring my own business on earth to a tolerably comfortable wind-up.

“Your most affectionate,

“A. G.”



Anna Gurney.

November 19.—We went to Northrepps on Saturday, October 1. There we stayed, I think, till Wednesday the 24th—three full weeks, four Sundays—a time of uncommon enjoyment, privilege, and prosperity. The autumn party in its fullest run, enriched by dearest aunt Fry, who was at Rust's lodgings; my dearest father and mother in health the whole time, and their seven children and eight grand-children also. We had pretty regularly settled mornings over Chalmers' Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans, drove out almost daily, making the shore a constant object, and interchanged dinner visits almost without a day's exception. It was dissipated, certainly, but a true and lively enjoyment. We were at one time sixteen nephews and nieces assembled; and we managed a present to aunt Fry of a silver inkstand, which we gave the last evening. She was, as usual, unparalleled, (and though weak in body,) she could not keep her fingers off the Cromer fishermen.

The next letter refers to anxiety about children in illness:—

“Halesworth, February 28.

* * * “For the infirmity of over anxiety there is but one Physician; and though I have said so much, I do most deeply acknowledge that no palliatives can be accepted where anxiety is once keenly awakened. I know what a discipline it is. My earnest desire for each of us is, to be enabled to be exercised thereby in constant acts of faith and submission, rolling over as it were the care, day by day yielding our wills about it; putting the responsibility, so to speak, on Him whose child it is; continually, and, as it were, formally laying the charge on another, with a deliberate yielding up of the lamb, to a care so far wiser, so far more powerful and more loving than ours. Every yearning of love ought in such a case to help us, as bringing home a

faint image of that far greater love of Him who never slumbers nor fails us for an instant. I need not say that I preach and do not practise ; yet this must not hinder us from trying to stir up each other, and ourselves, by communicating."

About her Father she writes at this time :—

"Northrepps, April 9.

"The pouring out of his mind in prayer this morning (I stayed at home from Church with him and my mother) was, even for him, most unusually interesting, only the emphasis and fervour of it almost gave me a nervous turn. He first spoke (after my mother, &c.) of his children and grandchildren generally, but individually too, 'as we pass them each over in our minds ;' but afterwards, as if he could not be satisfied, returned upon each. I only wish I could remember the emphatic, beautiful expressions he used respecting me, they were most touching—'our most dearly and precious beloved daughter, friend, and sister ; that I might taste of the richest harvest in my children and their well-doing ; that my heart might be filled with a song of melody ; then for thee, for every prosperity ; that our domestic joys might long, long remain for those beloved, promising, and endearing children.' I only wish I could remember the words of his petitions for them ; the substance was that they might cleave to the right, and abhor the wrong."

A month later she adds in her journal :—

The other day I met my father in London, going for a long round, so knocked up and unequal to it, that I dared not let him go alone, so I went with him in a cab : a most characteristic round—about his will, to his doctor, then to Dr. Lushington, his hatter, two or three gun-makers, a horse-dealer, &c. I went, impelled by strong love ; but largely did I profit ! his company so delightful, and he was restless to give me a present. He at last

relieved himself by buying me a ten-guinea boa, a charming print, and caps for the boys !

From London she went by sea to Southwold, on the Suffolk coast, (about eight miles from Halesworth,) from this time the happy resort for many summers.

“ Southwold, July 4.

“ I am most comfortably settled in a pleasant drawing-room looking over the sea, though not so near as I should like, the children playing on the green. We have an excellent account to give of ourselves ; our voyage proved faultless, and a charming day. We settled ourselves in a nice corner, with broad seats and cushions ; they spread an awning, and it hung down to the deck on one side so as to shelter us from wind. We read, and sometimes walked about, though I chiefly lay still and read *Rienzi*. About seven, the ‘*Water-witch*’ bent her course into Sole Bay, and a boat was deseried by that instinct sailors have. We were soon conveyed in a fishing boat to shore, and found all right and ready for us. We have just now had a delicious morning on the shore in the shade of a boat, reading the Bible, and wandering about. We are thoroughly enjoying our holiday here ; the day is delicious, and the sea most sparkling.”

“ Southwold, July 11.

“ I have just been driving some of my party in our new basket pony-chair all over the grassy sea flats which lie on one side of this place, and which are covered now with the horned poppy, the sea pea, yellow stone crop, &c., then our pleasant early dinner. I more and more enjoy our settlement here ; the repose is so delightful, the absence of acquaintance and visitors, and my long days. At present I have been chiefly engaged with accounts and arrears of letters ; but I mean to get into reading, for I have delightfully quiet morning hours. I am now in *Ecclesiastes* for my old Text Book, and have not yet begun *Chalmers*. I always have that main secret of comfort, a pause for serious reading, between ten and eleven, and a pause for entertaining reading before six.”

Southwold, July.—To me this season here has been a Sabbath ; and thankful I am to trust that we have five or six weeks more of it to look forward to. The complete quiet and retirement, my long sits on the shore, early dinners with the children, long, quiet afternoons, the cheerful tea and evening walk with husband and bairns, are delightful to me.

Northrepps, the bow-room, September 13.—Before breakfast, the lawn and flowers glittering in the dew, the early sunshine in its first freshness between the trees. I have been long sitting by my open window, drinking in the beauty of Nature, and dwelling on the still greater loveliness of the world of grace, the promises, the blessings, the hopes of it, reading in Micah, and endeavouring to bring all my concerns in some order before God. I wished to write in my journal before leaving Southwold, but was prevented. We wound up our near ten weeks' sojourn there last Thursday with much satisfaction and thankfulness, had a bustling short time at home, came to Earlham on Friday, there paid a prosperous and interesting visit, and arrived here to dinner on Saturday, meeting a delicious welcome, and finding everything in a good measure of prosperity. The next day was Sunday ; the morning I spent at home with my dearest parents. We read in Philipians. My father said he had been thinking in the night of that verse—"The Lord is at hand," "Be careful for nothing," &c. He joined the two in a way I felt striking. I am struck by finding how much his mind is alive to the doctrine of our Lord's coming ; how he continually observes it in Scripture and

dwells upon it. His prayer, as usual, was memorable ; it was an out-pouring ; nothing could be more touching than his petitions for me and my children, especially for the two elder ones left at home. O may they be recorded in heaven, though the details have slipped from my poor, weak memory ! Then, that my fervent desires might be granted in their (his and my mother's) health, prosperity, and life—how did this meet my very inmost soul !—also for their spiritual light and life. We then walked in their lovely new garden ; how delightful are the pleasures and ornaments now permitted them after their life of labour, and often of sorrow ! Northprepps, as usual, is outwardly and inwardly fascinating to me. Love and unity, liberty and independence, seem here to reign with native charm, ease, and abundance. In the afternoon we all assembled at Northprepps Church, where Edward Hoare preached such a sermon on Romans ii, 18 and four following verses ! His reading of his text was a sermon in itself, and his application of it most truly feeling and strengthening. His view of this undoubting faith as applied to the work of Christ for our salvation, and then his mention of faith for our children, entered my very heart.

Halesworth, November 26, Sunday Evening.—This day is marked to me by the tidings of the death of my precious nephew, John Henry Buxton,* who, after a long course of trial, has mercifully been taken to rest. I feel it all mercy and relief, yet deeply touching. I have so desired to be elevated by it, to follow him in his wonderful transition !

* Third son of E. N. and C. Buxton, aged eighteen months.

“January 1.

“My dearest Father,

* * * “I think we ought to remember the very great and peculiar mercies of the past year with encouragement; above all, your improvement in health, my dearest father. I hope it will strengthen our faith and hope for the next, and that we shall go on with good courage. I wish to take for my text this new year, ‘the breastplate of faith and love; and, for an helmet, the hope of salvation; and, with earnest good wishes I recommend the same to you.’”

Sunday, March 3.—I have been nearly three weeks almost ill with influenza, more than a week confined upstairs, and a good deal to bed. I am now getting over it, I hope, without much cough. It has been a time of much peace and quiet enjoyment, every outward luxury so abundantly supplied. Almost above all, has been a sense that my indisposition had, rather than not, a softening, good effect on my dear lambs. How little does this book convey any idea of the almost ceaseless engrossment of my heart, mind, and time about them! every day seems marked by care about the body, conduct, or circumstances of one or other of these precious, anxious treasures! I sometimes think if I were taken away, it would be almost a pity they should have no more record of my travail of spirit for and about them.

“Southwold, April 25.

“How I do wish you could now see and partake of my settlement by this delightful window—the exceeding beauty of the sparkling sea and boats is quite interrupting! I feel already refreshed by the change and the brightness of this house, everything so clean and complete, beds and curtains

snowy white—everything trimmed up for the summer season. We went immediately on to the shore with all the children; it was delightfully warm then, and my first proceeding was to buy a cotton parasol."

"Southwold, April 26.

"We are tempted to stay on here for another week, there is such a Sabbath in it—'divine silence'—and the rustling waves seem to feed me! The wind is very cold, but it does not signify to me, for I enjoy the climate, as Horace Walpole says, 'framed and glazed.' I have quite enjoyed his letters here—surely he is underrated—his opinions on slavery and on war do seem to me so good and so novel in his age. Would you send this scrap to aunt Forster, she takes far less notice of me than of a donkey on the road!"

After C. I. J.'s birth :—

August.—I almost fear opening this book, the rush of subjects is so great. We came to Lowestoft on Thursday the 18th of July with our dearest parents, and settled in a small lodging, I given up to gaining bodily strength, and to enjoying, in a passive way, our rich little community—the vicarage and the Parrys, with many attendant friends. It was a most valuable time to me in seeing Sir Edward and Catherine in real life.

Lowestoft, August 26.

To her Mother.—"I am getting on quite fast, and am, I may say, quite well, though not quite strong. Our party here is very agreeable and enjoyable. Yesterday, we had a most entertaining scene at the Vicarage, where we went to partake of Edward's salmon and your goose. Aunt C. had only taken in that the elders were coming; so when we appeared with eight children, in addition to ourselves, the consternation and bustle were droll, and to add to them, she had invited a formal shy young man, who did look most absurdly divided between amusement and alarm at us all. Sir Edward is very

charming ; I am quite struck with his power of adapting himself, to both help and please everyone, young and old, and his efficiency is delightful ; what he undertakes is carried through, and done with power and completeness. I have no doubt we shall see him in his glory to-morrow, when five hundred children, with a due proportion of teachers and spectators, are to be fed and gratified, and done good to, in all ways. The meeting of the Benefit Society, on Friday, was a fine sight and occasion. O that such were universal ! they would be a remedy for the misery of the poor. Dearest love to my father ; I hope he will have a horse for me in September.

“ Most nearly,

“ P. J.”

Wednesday, August 28.—Broken off on Sunday, I little thought of the next entry, (though then anxious,) the death from malignant scarlet fever of William Fry !—a most startling and overwhelming event ! This day fortnight they were in complete prosperity ; that afternoon their little girl Juliana sickened, and died the next night. He was taken ill in a day or two, and after a fearful struggle of ten days, is taken from his large family and most important central post ! The judgments of the Lord are in the earth ! I feel it most awful to see His hand thus lifted up ! One child is very ill, and others threatening ; several servants ill. Here is one of ourselves, a contemporary, in the very prime of the career of life, struck down ! Oh ! are we ready ?

Sunday, September 8.—By the open drawing-room window—the garden lovely—waiting for my boy, who is now my only child at home. O what a new world is unlocked, as it were, by having a child ten years old ! It seems gradually to engross and

occupy so large a portion of one's mind : I cannot say how many more thoughts they take as they grow older. I often think that as children in the charms and fascinations of their first years are like the blossoms, so they go through the state of unripe fruit, their infantine charms are gone, and the full fruit is far from being come : yet this is not true fully ; for though unripeness and hope for the future may predominate, yet how large a measure of enjoyment is there from them in all their stages ! I am much impressed with the duty of enjoying them, as well as labouring for them ; and I believe this spirit (of dwelling with thankful hope on them, and cultivating them in love and encouragement) would often produce greater fruit than the more careful one which is my nature. In the absence of all my precious party except Andrew (sent off on Tuesday to Northrepps), I have had time to contemplate them ; and I have perceived that I have allowed myself to be too much encumbered with cares and labours about them, so that the flowers of daily delight, love, and companionship, have been in a measure choked.

Evening.—How different is the leisure, almost amounting to vacancy, of this evening, compared to my usual allotment ! It is rather resting and good for me for once, yet I feel in poverty, and my heart visits Northrepps and the most beloved lovely party there assembled. I turn, too, to the poor widowed Julia in one house, and her four sick and suffering children in another ; and the tomb built but three weeks ago, and now containing my dear cousin and his two sweet girls ! There is no rest but in committing

them implicitly to the holy hands of the Shepherd of Israel. We are winding up for our Northrepps visit, on which my heart craves a blessing, especially on our intercourse with dearest Edward and Catherine. His delicacy has been a weight on my heart. Thank God! he is better; may it be continued and increased!

Saturday, November 2.—Having no letters to write (an advantage which I am more and more bent on securing for the Saturdays), I will endeavour to write down a few of the many thoughts and feelings which crowd my mind. The outline of our history since I wrote is, that we and our dear boy went to Earham on Wednesday September 11, and to Northrepps on Thursday 12, and stayed there till October 8. A highly privileged time it was—Edward and Catherine, and their four children, and our six; Fowell and Charles also joined us; so that we were all assembled. We enjoyed the country and drove much about, and the family community was delightful; but perhaps the greatest, or at least most peculiar privilege, was in our readings with Edward Hoare on the Apocalypse. We read with much care and discussion the first eleven chapters. His preaching was also a marked feature of the time—five admirably-told, feeding discourses. He gave us one on the work of faith with power, at Overstrand. His father, and mine, sat in the front of the gallery. How do I recall the countenances of the veterans listening to their powerful child! his father shedding many tears, and mine in the most riveted, fixed, eager attention; and he told me afterwards he thought it was the best sermon he had ever heard.

To her Mother, after a poor account of her father :—

“November 10.

“I need not say how entirely your letter touches my inmost heart, how I partake of it all, and how hearing of infirmity in him so inexpressibly precious, honoured, and beloved, touches the very springs of action and feeling in me. But I think there is a remedy completely able to meet the case—we must deliberately bring the whole thing to the balance of the sanctuary, there weigh time against eternity—there see that though the blossom which has been so noble, drops off—it is to make way for the perfected fruit. I feel a real help in this analogy. May you be encouraged in patient cheerful waiting for Christ; His day will renew and perfect all that has been ever blessed to us; and the end of the warfare will make us wonder we were ever weary in the course of it. I am not the most light-hearted myself, though essentially comfortable, and fed with food convenient for me, I believe. I am very fully occupied with Bible lessons, geography, &c., in the mornings; and I have known what it is to taste of some true, precious comfort, in reposing my whole care upon One mighty to save, and mighty to sanctify; and through all discouragements and ever-recurring self-reproach and humiliation, I am blessed with a faith that some day the end will be crowned with rejoicing, through the long-suffering, mercy, and parental compassion of the Lord. I have felt in a most dependent state as if every move in the day needed new and especial help, and only marvellous it is, that it does not produce greater watchfulness. I have enjoyed T. E. Hankinson's sermons, they exactly suit me. Luxury is it to make the room neat; close the door upon the first business of the day; see things set a-going, and draw in over the fire, with my book and pencil for rest and food. The tenth, twelfth, and thirteenth sermons are delightful.”

A month later, she thus writes about her father, after a visit to Northrepps :—

He took very little part in religious service, the prayer in the family only once, and that by my request; but his saying of grace

at dinner was truly a service in itself, the irresistible venting of the heart, and in a manner, and with an emphasis, and feeling, not to be conveyed. Some of them that I preserved on scraps of paper are as follows:—"Lord make us truly thankful for Thy innumerable mercies to us, and with the blessing to the body, give us those far greater blessings to the soul which are by Jesus." "The Lord bless us with a sense of His mercy, of His love, and His indulgent kindness to us, and give us an anxious desire to serve Him and to please Him for Christ's sake." "The Lord make us very thankful, and recall to our recollection all the instances of His mercy, and fill us with thankfulness."

One morning after Andrew's reading the latter part of the 11th. Matthew, and commenting on some verses, my father began from his easy chair in the corner, in a very feeling way, saying he wished to add something "to the invaluable reading we have had." "There is one passage which has not been touched upon by our friend and minister, which I can never read without the most anxious inquiry into the state of my own soul." He then read, with the greatest emphasis, the passage beginning—"Woe unto thee, Chorazin," He said this was peculiarly applicable to us as a family, and dwelt on our many and great privileges, solemnly concluding, "how great will be our condemnation if these are not improved." Nothing can exceed his humility, and not willingness, but determination to yield his own will, and to submit.

Jan. 24.—Too, too long since I have written, and so much has passed! My father's poor state and my going over, Dec. 19;

our close anxiety and watching. His awful deathlike sink, his wonderful degree of restoration, our return home, Jan. 1 ; our second summons, Jan. 11 ; going off at three in the morning, again his blessed restoration and our return home, Tuesday 14. And is it possible that I have not recorded dearest Fowell's and Rachel's engagement? May the blessing of the Lord ever be with them and theirs.

Again summoned to Northrepps, she stayed there through the remainder of her father's illness.

“Northrepps, February 17.

“My dearest Aunt Cunningham—

“Your letters are so precious and comforting, nothing could help me more than your oversight of our boy just now' (at school near Lowestoft). Oh, what a loss, indescribable, he is sustaining; my heart at times writhes under the sense of the immense loss to my children, and to me. Oh, to see him, so noble, yet so deeply stamped by illness, pale, sunk, faint! My mother is marvellously sustained, and up to everything. On Saturday night, Fowell, Rachel, and Charles, arrived; she gave them a delightful welcome; but what it was to glance in thought to the room and bed upstairs; the picture there, and the unspeakable miss of him, his welcome, his charm, his leadership of everything. I have not mentioned one of our very greatest helps, Chenda's remarkable power; she is quite lovely, and takes a foremost place. There is no hard nursing, we are so strong in numbers; but she is a principal stay.”

Her father died on the 19th February.

Two days later, she writes :—

“His countenance is a perfect volume and history. The film of illness and labour, “the garment of heaviness” is gone, and the mind, the intellectual, purposing, the exalted, spiritual mind, seems left nearly un-

covered; it is as though we could see it, so powerfully is its stamp left on its tabernacle. It would feel almost impossible to part with anything so noble, 'so magnificent,' as uncle Joseph called it, did we not verily believe we shall see it again, and even in far greater perfection.

I feel indescribable love and solicitude about Edward, and long to share the weights which look heavy on his dear, interesting, thin face. It is impossible, I think, to see a more graceful, unworldly, holy young man."

The following extract is from a letter written from Northrepps, by Mrs. Cunningham, March 3:—

"Yesterday evening we all gathered round dearest Hannah, reading various accounts of him, in letters, papers, &c. We were all just now called together, and she has been reading and praying with us in the most touching manner; she may well be called "the devout elect lady," and surrounded by a most interesting party ministering to her. I feel it a great privilege being with them, and am much struck by the beauty, the perfect keeping, the exquisite heading of the whole thing at Northrepps, with the great sorrow of widowhood, yet this we may almost call a perfect widowhood, and when we consider the languishing, and sickness, and sorrows of long illness, how should we lift up our heads that in infinite mercy it is cut short in righteousness, that he is where there is neither death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain."

Heath End, Oct. 12.—Staying with Sir E. and Lady Parry. The rest and leisure of this Sabbath has been most acceptable to me; a full morning church and excellent sermon from Robert Hankinson, on being "renewed in the spirit of our minds."—Eph. iv. Agreeable walks with Sir Edward, the heath lovely in the soft sunshine, with rich autumnal tints. What a great privilege and honour to be thus thrown as a sister, on the most

intimate terms with such a man as Sir Edward! He is truly noble and heart-taking, more like my father in some points than any body I think, yet very different; but in largeness of mind and views, mingled strength and tenderness of character, there is decided resemblance.

Monday, Oct. 13.—This evening is strongly marked by hearing the over-coming tidings of dearest aunt Fry's seizure, truly shaking and awful, yet not a calamity. Perhaps now she is in heaven! (Oh! the deadness of me, that even this thought cannot lift me there!) and meeting my Father! and we so busy on earth we hardly know how to wish to be there.

Tuesday, 14.—A day solemnized by expectation, and then by receiving the news of our precious aunt's death. Oh! blessed truth, that she is perfectly relieved from the weight and burden of the flesh, and in perfect bliss for ever.

Oct. 17.—Much to note, but little time or strength. I try to turn to the good we may draw from this dispensation. A glimpse of the heavenly glory through the eyes of a person with whom we had so true a sympathy, her meeting with others, then her example on earth, though so unattainable, yet might not some touches of it be caught? Her caring for every body who came in contact with her, her immediate thought of benefiting their bodies or their souls, her giving time and trouble to this, and her eye in all things to her Master.

Leytonstone, April 28.—I have wished to fix some of the impressions of my present circumstances, but busy idleness has

prevented. In the fleeting away of life, the company and influences of such precious relatives are worth recording. The morning after our arrival, as we sat at breakfast, up drove the Bishop of Calcutta.* This was his mode of coming to dinner, and very wise it proved. He wanted a completely quiet day, and had it, never re-appearing till six. He came in with delightful warmth, kissing us all; me he greeted with eagerness, and often turned to me, "Why here's Mrs. Priscilla the same as ever." A most agreeable breakfast we had, he talked and laughed incessantly, told us much, and was thoroughly alive and bright about every thing. He retreated, as I have said, after a sudden and beautiful prayer for the house and its inhabitants. "I shall appear at six"—so he did exactly. The Chevalier and Madame Bunsen came to dinner, with the Upton party. The evening too broken to get at much; but a highly interesting sight and occasion to us. Edward obtained silence to read a letter about the Punjaub war, and the moment he had finished, without a syllable of comment, the Bishop exclaimed in his sonorous tone, "We shall now read prayers: the ninety-first Psalm." Two verses he got through, then began to discourse first upon the letter we had heard, his knowledge of the people mentioned in it, and anecdotes of them; then India generally, mixing it up with verses of the Psalm, and rambling on in a most entertaining as well as excellent style. Then his prayer, beautifully but oddly mingled were its subjects. On rising, he, without a moment's pause, turned and made a low

* Daniel Wilson.

bow to Madame Bunsen and my mother, then to the Chevalier, then one to all the company, and straight he marched away. The decision, the promptitude, the clearness of all his plans, display a great power. The next morning he appeared punctually, read the 110th Psalm, with a fine commentary on the promise that "the dew of our youth should be upon the land." I cannot exactly express it, but it was cheering and charming. "I shall see you for a quarter of an hour at tiffin, and I shall go away at a quarter before five o'clock." At one we found him in the dining-room, and very agreeable he was, and went away, as he had said, kissing us all again.

The Brewery, May 7.—This day has been a rich ending to a rich week. Dearest Rachel and I had a precious reading together in the 1st Col. in the morning; oh, how boundless is the wealth of the word of God! Though I have so dwelt on this chapter, I never saw till now the great doctrines of cheerfulness contained in the 11th, 12th, and 13th verses, that under all circumstances we are to thank God with all "joyfulness," because of our being "partakers of the inheritance." At twelve we went off to Upton, and then to Forest Edge, where we dined; the forest was in fairy beauty. Now for the sabbath, and oh! for a sabbath spirit, and a sabbath blessing; and oh! for mercy on this great city; we have seen some of its teeming thousands to-night, how do they fare? body and soul. Thou who knowest the hairs on every head, be merciful to their unreachably necessities.

Death of her uncle Joseph John Gurney.

Jan. 16th.—It seems in vain to attempt to grasp or put into words either the circumstances or the impressions of our dearest uncle's death. I long to retain my last lovely image of him at his hall door, his loving smile and his soft beautiful grey hair, with his black velvet cap, which made him look, as I told him, like a fine old Roman Catholic Archbishop. Our glimpse of Earlham on the Saturday—meeting dearest Anna and all the party, and visiting our dear Aunt Eliza in the dressing-room—made our going again the easier. We saw them on Monday evening, and on Tuesday morning entered that truly memorable scene and party. The effect of our hour in the ante-room is surely never to be forgotten. Its deep stillness, or rather the petrefaction of it; it seemed impossible to move a hand; the very sight and reality of the event lay before us in that coffin; we sat around it, and not a sound was heard till the men entered, and most quietly and seriously carried it away. We sat on in increased desolation, and were gradually summoned, every one sitting motionless till they were called. When our turn came, the scene at the dear hall door was affectingly beautiful; the bright sunshine making the trees and grass one glitter of hoar frost: the lines of carriages extending all round, under the great trees, and then along the chesnut avenue. Our drive with Chenda Gurney and William Gurney, though so entirely mournful, was highly interesting and elevating. The marvellous crowds of people, together with absolute order and perfect arrangement; the total closing of all

Norwich; the bells of every church tolling as our long cortege wound through the Market Place, past St. Andrew's Hall, gave a majesty to the scene. Edward compared it to the coronation: it was thought fifty thousand persons at least were present. At the grave the same perfect order was preserved—Sunday school teachers, with their arms linked in each other, formed a wall on either side of the path, and we walked along to the upper end, where a large space was boarded. A most solemn time, and one I wish to remember; for then death felt to me little, the barrier slight, the event undreadful. I think I hardly ever saw the stream so passable, the victory was so visible. We slowly went back into the meeting, leaving the precious remains. There was a vast number, but good order; much sweet ministry, and amongst the rest a prayer from Aunt Eliza, a very surprising acknowledgment of love, and thanks, and allegiance. Many were there full of feeling—men of business, clergymen, and O, such numbers who evidently felt a right to mourn personally. We all assembled at dinner. Oh, the dreams of that dinner! I was one of those who could most vividly recall the past glories, the excessive interest and pleasure of great dinners at Earlham. My cheerful noble father, even his blue coat and bright buttons were before me; Uncle Joseph's balmy genial influence, his unforgetting courtesy, his graceful pleasantry, his ever ready hallowing of all things; then Uncle Hoare's steady support of all good; Aunt Fry's unction; and the gifts and graces of how many others—the Bishop of Calcutta, Mr. Simeon, Mr. Tacy, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Hankinson.

The strongest thought was, the blessing that such things have been ; that we have seen and known and belonged to such persons, so gifted, so graced ; that the earth has had such, and that they are safe ! I greatly valued dear Joseph Hoare's interesting company, fresh from another scene of death,* his narration of the closing of that admirable and invaluable dispensation, made even the hours that dinner lasted, short to me. In the evening the dining-room was filled with chairs ; all being settled, uncle Gurney brought in poor dear aunt Eliza, and then he said in the most feeling way, " Among our other unspeakable losses, we miss the ready and the anointed tongue " ; but that his " beloved sister " had prepared a few memoranda of the latter weeks of his life, which (though often with a doubtful voice) he read ; so heard, they were of fastening interest ; they described a peaceful cheerful period ; work curiously wound up ; ministry kindling into the most fervent appeals and then suddenly arrested. His illness was almost painless, and his death unconscious. Much I have left unmentioned. Anna's dignified, settled, yet bowed appearance ; dearest aunt Cunningham's lovely beaming spirit and countenance, able to receive at once the very freshness of the grief, and of the consolation ; uncle C., uncle and aunt Gurney, our beloved friends Mr. and Mrs. Brightwen, and others ; truly I looked on them all with renewed love ; we do know the value of these precious treasures ; may we not be called to part with more yet.

* His father's.

September 11.

To her brother Edward on his position in Parliament.—“I cannot help longing for you, to ease your own course by taking a pretty decided line as to religious profession; I think it is such a happy shelter, as well as every thing else, to be at once classed as ‘a saint,’ that people may see at once that it is no good asking you to join in anything that is on the borders of questionable. I do believe character gains weight by this, with nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of every thousand; and it does powerfully strike me here is a crisis of great importance, and that if you yield now you will involve yourself in a vast amount of perplexing requests and doubtful points, the one a little within the boundary, the next a little over it; and so your course will appear in a degree an uncertain, and, in measure, an undecided one. I am only touching on the policy and safety of being something of a party man in respect of what is called worldliness, and to reject it in the lump. Things in this day cannot be judged by their inherent evil, their prestige, their name, their influence, direct and indirect, must be weighed; and when we see the immense contest going on in the world between the armies of good and evil, we cannot afford to be on any sort of neutral ground.”

Halesworth, February 17.

To the same.—“My dearest Edward,—I need not say how full my heart is of those painful debates, and you as connected with them. I almost shrink from writing or speaking of them, the over-riding of evil is so tremendous, and the almost hopelessness of preserving any good in such a storm, the stream running so strong against the principles we hold so sacred. What would my father have felt to read in *The Times* a deliberate proposal to renew avowed slave trade, ‘to purchase fifty thousand blacks per annum in Africa, and convey them to the West Indies’!! We can only feel that Satan is indeed suffered to reign, having seduced England from her fidelity to these principles; but I strongly feel we must not lose faith—‘Greater’ through all ‘is He that is for us, than they that are against us;’—and it may be, that in this very excess of evil will appear His opportunity to stretch forth His mighty power. We certainly are taught to have no other dependence; I expect

anti-slavery feeling will rally, and will gather a little around you. I conclude you will be placed upon that anxious committee, and there is indeed a task for the season. I think, as far as we can see, there is nothing to be done, no proposal to be made or scheme of action undertaken, but to protest whenever the opportunity is given, appears the duty committed to you. That, 1st, the slave trade and slavery were abolished on account of their sinfulness, and that this ground is strong enough for all ages; but that, 2ndly, slavery especially was found to be utterly inexpedient, that the population was steadily dying off, and that the planters were then ruined. It is impossible to be in a worse state than they then described themselves to be in. Further, 3rdly, that the experiment of free labour was beginning to succeed, that the quantity of sugar grown was increasing, modes of cultivation improving, and that, considering the great transition, they were showing up well; and 4thly, that their present disastrous state is owing to the wicked act of 1846, but for which they would this year certainly have had a good return, and the prospect of increasingly good ones as the population increased, and the land was better cultivated. Remedies are far more difficult; I have no faith in any but the repeal of the act, and this is awfully hopeless. I think you can only protest against all others. I suppose it would be impossible to collect a small, very select party of real heads of sections to consult whether any thing can be done to rouse the country for the repeal of the act. I know this is perhaps an impossible suggestion, but I like best to throw it before you and to say how deeply my very heart is concerned in this awful matter. Oh! that wisdom and power may be supplied from above. The comfort is, our Lord knows our frame, and every peculiarity of our circumstances—He knows where we can act or speak, and where we cannot; and, if kept in close dependence on Him, He will surely give the needful strength, discernment, wisdom, and power. How will you ever get through this weary letter? It has been written with difficulty, and to the neglect of the perhaps greater duties of dressing the children's dolls and making sails for their boats.

“With dearest love, ever yours,

“P. J.”



February 25. — My birthday, forty, pregnant enough with thoughts! Also, I have contemplated my past mercies, countless, priceless above all in my mother, what a blessing to have possessed for forty years; how beyond all words to tell. Lord pity those who are deprived of this gift. My dearest husband and children came into my room this morning, (I kept in bed with side ache), the darlings carrying vases of sweet spring flowers, and he with a beautiful present of volume two of Lady Willoughby. He knelt down with the four, and in tender precious prayer commended the unworthy mother to mercy. My sense of falling short as a mother, oh! it is intense. This afternoon a delightful little ministerial visit from our dear pastor. He read Hebrews xii, and prayed. I only desire I may fully drink the good, unspoilt by any human mixtures.

The next extract is from a letter written at Lowestoft, where she passed some weeks of the following summer :—

* * * “Aunt Catherine is very, very infirm. Aunt Cunningham more surprising and more delicious than ever, her drawing-room like a fairy land, of pictures, flowers, and pretty things; her garden delightful, she skimming down the ninety steps many times a day; she herself a sunbeam, brightly dressed, brightly looking, brightly speaking, singing, and drawing.”

Writing from the same place, in a letter to Lady Parry, she says :—

* * * “And now be persuaded to spend the precious hour from four till five wisely; that is, on your own entire rest and refreshment. I cannot say how clearly I see this to be your duty. Lie on the sofa with a delightful

book, never mind how light, poetry or whatever may chance. Your children are grown up, keep ahead of them in polite literature, and, at all events, rest your dear body and mind. I think we ought to keep our best dress, that is, our best mind, for best occasions, and contrive to satisfy the lesser claims with odds and ends; and that with the expending lives we lead, and the necessity for liveliness and freshness, it is a most important principle to secure for self one hour in the morning, and one in the afternoon, the former for the soul, the latter for the mind."

"Southwold, July 10.

"I must say the value of my life looks rather appalling to me; and indeed I feel it my duty to cherish and preserve it. The doctor has frightened me rather about my health. Oh! how such warnings ought to bring me ever and ever again to the point of definite, distinct preparation of the most renewed and reiterated grasping the Anchor, and this, I may humbly say, they do in a feeble measure. Yet, oh how necessary the daily fountain for sins of heart and of tongue, self-satisfied thoughts, and hasty words, and omissions of duty; how fearfully they do abound; yet how deeply, how thoroughly do I feel and see the bed to be large enough to spread oneself upon, with all one's sins, the garment broad enough to wrap all over. * * * The second edition is very engrossing. I feel a sort of throb about Sir R. Inglis, or anybody who speaks up for the right. May the Lord's power be put forth to vindicate the cause of truth; and for its advocates, Milton's lines come involuntarily into my mind—

"And chiefly Thou, oh Spirit! that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou knowest; * * * *
* * * * what in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support."

"September 28.

"How truly touching it is to find in children conduct influenced by health. It shows us how much, and how tender allowance should be made for an irritable or restless state. I truly sometimes pity and compassionate

myself for nervous infirmities, which excite strong inward, if not outward irritability, while at the same time, I live under a sense of their sin, that it is hard to get from under it, and to feel any sunshine at all within. But oh! what a mercy it is to know that compassion is the very characteristic of our blessed Master, and that He pitieth us with a proportionate depth of knowledge and of mercy, and that a hungering and thirsting after righteousness shall eventually be satisfied. We shall some day "drink of the river of His pleasures." What a marvellous truth."

After seeing the statue of her father in Westminster Abbey:—

"November 16.

"My dearest Mother—

"My first topic is the dear precious statue, which we saw yesterday in the Abbey. We heard the evening before of its being ready. As we got there, the congregation was just coming out: the verger forbid us to go in, but on my supplicating to see one statue, he asked if we belonged to the family, and then kindly let us pass. We swiftly reached the place, and there it was, looking most delightful, so benignant, intellectual, and like; far far improved since I saw it last, the size is moderated by the scene around, and the colour of it most refined. It was growing, in a degree, dusk, and really it looked most spiritual. I could but be very thankful to see such a work so accomplished. When we got home, there was the second edition, I sat up at night to cut it through and glance at it; it looked most attractive. Indeed the day was to me a sacred one, and most touching in its extreme interest and true gratification."

Objects of intercession this day, Jan. 17:—Ellen Buxton, my god-child, her first birthday; Fowell, junior, gone off to school this morning; his precious parents; the dear Leathams, who have just lost their child Frank; the John Frys, in bitter anxiety about Rachel; John C. Backhouse and his precious boy, the anniversary

of Anna's death; my own most dear mother; besides my own regular list, my dearest husband, each child, and governess, servants, my dearest friend, and her brothers and sisters, and many more.

The following letter to Lady Parry, on the advantages of school for girls, is dated April 21 :—

“I have been reflecting on my own experience, and it is this—that I gained greatly. I gained most important advantages in tone of education as well as in actual acquirement; I gained some ease of manner, and that sort of undefined enlargement which there is in familiar intercourse with persons of a new sort; but, above all, I think I gained religious decision. Having been so carefully trained, and never, as it were, exposed to any doubt what was right, and what was to be done, the fact of being left to keep my own ground, to fight for myself as to religious retirement, etc., and the continual consideration of which course did I choose (something like a youth at college), I believe was made, through grace and mercy, one of the most important processes I ever went through. Everything in nature wants a fillip, a little extra stimulus and help—the egg must break, the bud must burst. And then returning home is the exact stimulus the bud wants to open widely into the fragrant rose. There is nothing like, in my judgment, the regularity, discipline, self denial, and entirely new and educational atmosphere of a school. May you, darling, be rightly guided, and see rich fruit either way, and this you will. I do enjoy your account of Grosvenor Street, and long to write, O so much, but am sadly tired and must rest.

“Most warmly, P. J.”

May 27.—In some way I have caught a violent cold, which has laid me low. Great weakness I am brought to, this is clear: death often vividly before me. (The papers I have written of my wishes are in my writing table drawer); and yet awfully does the question

return, Am I truly ready? Does my faith not stand in the teaching of men, in habit and training? Is my soul truly, vitally united to Christ? If I draw sap from Him, should I be so often sapless? O God, cheer, warm, enlighten, refresh, my weak and weary mind;

“Anoint and cheer my soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.”

I long and crave for vigour and life; my work seems so great, so interesting; and most painfully do I observe the cases of motherless families. This is my grievous want of faith, however; and I often feel may bring the very punishment I dread; yet the Lord is pitiful, He knows my weakness, He sees my heart, He knows I would work for Him in these precious ones; to them, I may say,

“My cares, my joys, my griefs are given.”

This summer she suffered greatly from ill health, and remained for a long time at Southwold.

Southwold, July 9.

To Lady Parry.—“My most dear friend,—I want to write, but time is short, there are such dear ones to be with. To-day aunt Cunningham has flown over from Lowestoft, twelve miles before breakfast, and is now putting out her heaps of roses by me, dressed in a pretty muslin gown, with elegant cap, and lace pelerine, looking the very picture of health, purity, and grace over the flowers. She was in her garden by five, where she says there were ‘thousands of roses,’ and here by half-past seven.
* * * I have finished Job with exceeding interest. There is a strong lesson in it not to interfere with, or mar God’s own work in sending affliction, by crude or rough treatment. Job was doing far better before his friends came, than after. But all the speeches, in spite of a touch of temper, are full of gems of truth and beauty.”

March 1.—A word of note on this day, the birthday of two so inexpressibly dear to me, my dearest friend and my beloved little Sarah Maria. The former is too wide a subject to touch upon. I have said to her that she has already lived a long life of service and experience, though yet it is but full day with her, scarcely past the noon, and that I can but pray, that God, who has showed her such great and sore troubles, and has also turned again and comforted her on every side, will continue His own blessed work of enriching and favouring her, even to the end; and this I feel a confidence He will do for Christ her Saviour's sake. Now I want to record my sense of the exceeding gift I enjoy in my precious little girl, Sarah Maria. I do trust a kind Providence may give her a smoother, less exciting and less fatiguing childhood and youth than I had. I would indeed desire her heart may be spared the deep knowledge of sorrow,—I will not say the hard work with my father from twenty to twenty-six, for surely that is now my best treasure, my patrimony, my honour; yet all tells upon me now, and makes me the worn, the used-up person I am. I see that sorrow or eventfulness in mature life, brings more experience and less injury than it does earlier; and my strong judgment and earnest desire, is to shield my girls, if it may be so, from undue exertions and excitements.

June 30.—Our dearest aunt Catherine has been declining obviously: many have been the thoughts of death; and on Wednesday last (the 26th) it came, not without severe conflict to the body, but glorious manifestations to the soul. At one time she

seemed to see heaven opened, such was her expression of joy. What a mercy it was that our precious mother was there, and had been for ten days! What a contemplation are the two sisters, the only left of that most gifted seven who once adorned the earth! How intimate and personal has been my tie with each of the five who are gone! How were they endowed with natural and spiritual gifts! Oh! may these most precious two be yet long spared to us, and we be enabled to comfort them, for Christ's sake.

July 11.

To her Mother.— * * * “My precious Mother,—May I venture to say this:—Can you not, can not we all sit a little looser to each other's lives, than we do? Can we not trust our precious ones to their Lord? Can we not be willing He should, if He pleases, take them into His immediate care, provide for them for ever in perfect happiness? How joyfully would you give up a child to a perfect provision in this world! Let us try to extend our faith fully to the unseen world, and look upon that, as a true and chief part of our lives; and if but the grace of God be given, be willing the Lord should fix our children in this lower, or that higher garden, as He will. I do desire that you should seek to regard my life in this way, and that I should so regard my children's.”

November 24.—In August we went forth with dearest Edward and his boy Gurney, and our Andrew, to the lakes. I was much better, but my cough never quite left me. We had much enjoyment, both in the scenery, and in meeting the dear Robert Hankinsons at Grasmere. We parted at Penrith: Edward and Gurney went home, and we proceeded to Scotland to our dear sister's pleasant home at Scotston Park. Our dear rector and his family

came to us the next day after our return home, and are still our most valued guests.

Early in the following winter she passed some weeks at Hastings, where she was very ill. The following letter to her sister, Lady Buxton, is dated

“Hastings, January 12.

“My powers and thoughts are weak and wandering enough now; but yet I feel a little of the sweetness of dwelling on each of you, as it were, in God's presence, last night especially, on your precious babe, as if speaking with Him about her. I cannot be thankful enough for the peace granted me. What am I, thus to feel rest and confidence? I do so see my present allotment to be the very best for me. I do not like the expression, but I at times truly feel—‘Thy will I thankfully approve’; even the bodily uneasiness does not seem to touch the tranquillity within; we are not yet ‘out of the wood.’ Sometimes the body is worn and distressed, but there seems little to do but to wait passively. I have pangs of yearning after my absent ones to go through; but my desire is to offer up my will, my longings, as a living sacrifice, and in this there is often rest. What has been chiefly on my mind lately has been how little and how poorly we ask and seek after the help and blessing we need, for, and in, everything. I have been much helped by this suggestion—to give in our relation to others, children, servants, poor, neighbours, what we receive, and only what we receive; not to act from the surface of our minds, but from its deep places; not from impulse, but from a supply to be sought and obtained of true sap from the true Vine. The same words, the same discipline, are different in their effects, as they are the fruit of the natural heart, or that of the heart united to Christ. We must pause, not only to ask a blessing on what we do, but to come empty and receive from Him, to ‘get orders,’ and this especially, in the beginning of the day, to take our vessels to be filled with what God is ready to give, even love, patience, gentleness, courage, and firmness.”

Soon after her return to Halesworth, the following was written in her journal-book by her husband :—

“Halesworth, February 5.

“My own dearest,—

“Suffer not doubts of being reconciled to trouble you: this is a device of the adversary. We cannot reconcile ourselves to God: it is His mighty power that effects the reconciliation with us through the precious blood of Christ. That you are reconciled, I hold to be a great fact. May God give you a clear sense of it in his own time. Oh! the value of faith, so that we can believe, though sense, and frames, and feelings, may be wanting. ‘For one look inwards, let us give twenty looks outwards and upwards to Him,’ said Chalmers. I rejoice over thy thanksgivings. What a blessing it is to have a thankful spirit; I often rejoice in the exercise of it, while I endeavour to bear the daily cross without any repining; but whose strength is made perfect in thy weakness? and if He maketh thy soul to prosper, is not that far beyond outward prosperity? Cheer up, then, beloved, thou wilt yet say, ‘It is good for me that I have been afflicted.’

“Then as to our young ones, O may the Lord breathe on their souls and renew them in spirit! I desire to be instant with you in prayer for them, dear, dear ones! May the Lord grant his blessing on the sowing, in which you have been indefatigable. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, and cause the light of His countenance to shine upon thee. Amen.”

April 13.

To her Mother.—“I am taking great care of my cough, and am resisting every temptation to any good work. I am thoroughly comfortable, and I must say, feel at rest, and in great peace. Some sense of the most blessed gift of Divine favour, of being accepted, though so utterly unworthy, in the entire worthiness of our Friend and Saviour, and oh! what is this to say! I start at my own words, and yet it is so. How could I be in peace, if it were not for a belief in His reconciled love. May I never be deceived, or rest in anything short of this. How deeply do I desire to receive the dispensation in all its length, in an acquiescent, even an embracing spirit, so that I may get good from it.”

November 9.—At home alone, truly to my cross and discipline. My chest and cough have been so troublesome, that all seem to agree I must either leave home or shut up in it. The latter is clearly the easiest alternative; and, except for Sunday and church, I do not feel it very difficult to submit; but the long day on Sunday, and the miss of the help of public service, is apt to bring on a dull dead state of feeling which is very depressing, and I have to submit not only to outward but to inward barrenness.

Christmas Day.—They all at church, I rise from my knees where the collect has spoken my heart of hearts for myself and mine—"That we may be renewed day by day by God's Holy Spirit." I feel I want to be stirred up in fervent and simple petitions for my children. Here are the merry troop, and now for Christmas dinners!

After spending the whole winter a close prisoner to the house, without any improvement in her health, she left home on the 17th March with her husband, three younger children, and Miss Sendall, for the Isle of Wight, and remained there for about two months. It was a time of much bodily suffering, from gradual, though daily increasing weakness. Her mind was as active as ever; and though she entered with spirit and pleasure into her children's occupations, and objects, when with them, at other times, the thought of giving up life, of parting with them, cost her bitter mental conflicts, subdued only by the grace and patience given her of God.

Her mother and sister Chenda joined her at Ventnor, and from

that time were constantly with her. The following are short extracts from her last letters :—

Bonchurch, Sunday, March 21.

To Lady Parry.—“ My dearest,—I think I may indulge in a few minutes with you in the course of this long, though happy and peaceful morning. My dear little S. M. and I are spending it together, the others are gone to church at Ventnor. I feel my reposing morning most precious, and indeed our whole life here is full of indulgence and luxury. Oh ! that all our blessings may be more sanctified, and enriched and filled with blessings. I feel this is the case in measure : some sense of filial love and confidence seems graciously given. I think of you in your full and serving Sunday so contrasted with mine : may it be full of the Master's company and smile. I am convinced that I am getting on decidedly.”

Bonchurch, March 23.

To her Sister Lady Buxton.—“ We are really very prospering, though I do not find any difference yet in my cough, and at times am nervous enough, but my appetite is better, and I am able to bear going out. To-day the weather is most delicious, and we are going to drive to Shanklin—some to walk home. I often sketch—yes, ‘ still in our ashes live their wonted fires,’—and some of these scenes are irresistible, and then when I have the pencil scrawl, the principle of finishing, so strong within me, forces me to touch it up in ink.”

Ventnor, April 14.

To the same.—“ I wish I might be at your darling's baptism ; but I must say the future does seem unusually obscure just now to me. I am certainly discouraged about myself ; but we must wait on, and trust that light will come ; and O that I may not only submit, but acquiesce and embrace all parts and branches of our present dispensation, assured of its abounding love and wisdom ! and if restoration be the result, all is little. I truly feel the many enjoyments of our position.”

April 21.

To the same.—“ I sometimes feel as if your large London rooms would be an inexpressible relief to my tight breath ; but I am better to-day. I

have dwelt much on the text of the day—‘The hand of the Lord is over them for good that seek Him.’”

April 30.

To Lady Parry.— * * * “I am grieved to hear of toothache, and really covet it for myself, who am given up to the petting of the poor body, and to whom pain without anxiety seems comparatively light, though I should grumble enough I daresay if I had it. I have felt remarkably weak and low the last day or two, almost as if every twelve hours took away some strength. Now about our visit to you. Shall we not be too many? But I shrink from parting from the children under our uncertainties. For myself I feel strongly, though I continually desire to be guarded from leaning too much on an arm of flesh, that the means God may be pleased to bless, to give me a lift, would be, to be placed for a time under your government, and in the cheering supporting influence of Haslar.”

A week was spent with Sir Edward and Lady Parry at Haslar, and then she moved to her brother Edward’s house in London, spending the night before her journey home, with her brother Fowell at Leytonstone. During these visits, the tender care and nursing she received, soothed days of rapidly increasing illness.

10, Upper Grosvenor Street, May 18.

To Lady Parry.—“My own darling,—The chase after a word with you is quite worrying to-day; I am well able, but there are so many about to see and enjoy. Oh! your notes are so precious and helpful, you will still feed me I know, yet you must not burden yourself, for I feel you must be very fully occupied. Do I not fancy you now more than ever, and all your dear party! I have never offered to thank Sir Edward for all he did for us, and bore from us: I am afraid to begin with thanks.

“Last night, dearest, the enemy—nervousness—had an hour of victory, such as almost drives one to despair; but I have just had such a comforting and truly pithy little visit from Mr. Reeve—‘He whom thou lovest is

sick'—not He who loves thee. Our love to Him will not do to lean upon, it baffles and fails us; but His to us is settled and immoveable. I had been too much seeking for my love to Him; now quite tired.

“Most tenderly, P. J.”

She was much comforted by seeing all her brothers and sisters, and many of their children, and then her ardent wish was satisfied, by her reaching home in safety on the 24th of May.

Halesworth, May 26.

To Lady Parry—“My own dearest,—The wave of arrival has been a very great one, I almost thought we were gone, but we are breathing again on the other side. Chenda is devotedly kind and careful; but, darling, the idea intensely near me is of fatal illness, how speedy I know not; my mind and heart are teeming with the feeling—above all, my own soul! Oh! for the spiritual mind—the mind of Christ. I do trust the close work of yielding to part is going on in me; my dearest one is my greatest earthly stay—the children well and bright—but, oh! dear things!”

“May 31.

“If possible, one line, my dearly beloved. We have just had the Sacrament with dear R. E. H., M. Badeley, and Miss Sendall; it has lifted me in body and soul; but, darling, nothing so much as your dearest letter of Friday. Bless you for all you are, and have been to me, for twenty-eight years! I was inexpressibly helped last night by that text—‘The Holy Ghost maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.’ Now He is groaning for me!”

June 3, 1852.

To the same.— * * * “How much I want to say. A great peace is spread over my mind, I have so committed and yielded my soul and body to my God. I feel so sleepy in His arms, I rest there. I do wish that He only should do, and He has tenderly helped me.”

June 10.

To the same.—“My own dearest friend,—Wonderful is the difficulty of writing, my heart has been full for days, especially since the Admiral died, and I could not write. How I feel all your interests and efforts, words cannot say, but oh the comfort that your day's work, as friends say, ‘has kept pace with your day,’ so that there are no real arrears, only to sign and seal, and wind up. The girls' letters have been delightful to me; Priscilla's a real cordial; thank my dearest Lousia too. I am better this afternoon; but I now almost always feel ill, except just now, it is strange, I feel better than I have done for days.”

* * * “I have indeed strongly felt last night and to-day, that to wait till July 14 to see you appeared out of the case. I cannot feel that there is reasonable safety in waiting till then; I suspect the sink is rapid. Now evening—a day of deep illness. Your note is some pain. I do not know how to give up seeing you again; but the Lord is with us I may say, and He will be.

“Most tenderly, P. J.”

“My precious mother is a wonderful saint, and Chenda such a strength, all tenderness and power. My cutting feelings are about the three elder ones; but I leave all.”

The following note is from A. J. to his brother-in-law, T. F. Buxton:—

“Halesworth, June 13.

“My dear Fowell, many thanks for your note and great kindness. I grieve to say that Priscilla is very poorly to-day; there is an uncomfortable drowsiness clinging to her, which, if it continues, I fear is the forerunner of a change.

“We have come down rapidly within the last week, and there is no sign of rally. I would fain hope that Effie may be in time to be recognized by her mother, the mind is still bright; but this drowsiness comes over it like a curtain. I have written for the boys, and hope to have them home on Tuesday. I grieve, dear brother, that we are so far apart at this season

of affliction; but it is the will of the Lord. I know that you and Rachel heartily sympathize with us, and pray for us.

“Ever with dear love,

“Your afflicted and affectionate brother,

“ANDREW JOHNSTON.”

“What a blessing it is, that the spiritual mind of my beloved one is without a cloud.”

Her mother thus writes in her journal of the same day :—

“Unshaken in her confidence that eternal love is in this fiery trial, on this she dwelt fully and powerfully, that not one degree of heat is permitted that is not for a purpose—for her further refinement and the glory of God.

“She said yesterday that she could not choose one thing contrary to what was laid upon her,—she did but desire the will of the Lord to be done,—she knew it was all right, and in love, whatever He inflicted.

“She is continually thinking of herself as the child in its mother's arms. ‘The mother holds it fast, the child can only cling, but the mother's arms secure it. This is my experience: I must be held in the arms of Christ.’

“Monday, June 14.—She was very low and distressed after a trying night, but said—‘It has been one of much prayer for the children, which was a comfort to me.’

“She was impatient to see her absent children—‘Oh! if I might be spared to see them again.’ But when the meeting was over, she spoke of the suffering and conflict she had gone through—

‘I never could bear such trial again ; but the Lord was my Refuge and Strength.’

“In the course of the day she herself chose a story which she thought would be interesting to her boys for their evening reading, and we all read it together in her room.

“Thursday, June 17.—In this, our last morning reading, we took the 2nd chapter of Ephesians, dwelling on the five last verses, which she wished to have read twice over, saying, ‘What it is to be brought nigh to Christ!’—‘How glorious to be brought near to God, to our merciful Father!’ In the afternoon, on my asking her if she were comfortable, ‘Perfectly,’ she said, ‘I don’t understand it.’ ‘Marvellous to come to this, and find it so easy!’ To her doctor, she said—‘I suppose the watch is nearly down ; but can it be a delusion? all is so easy.’

“In the evening she received the sacrament with the elder children. Mr. Hankinson administered it. The service came with a heavenly unction, and I think I never experienced such power to lift up the heart, and to worship with the family above. We were partakers of Christ, of His fulness, and our hearts and minds did ascend to Him in His kingdom of glory. Her whole soul seemed engaged in prayer during the administration to others ; and we could hear her voice in supplication, though not the words. It was precious thus to be brought to taste together of the living bread, of that glorious eternal life into which our beloved one entered about seven hours after.”

She became visibly weaker and more faint as each hour of

the weary night passed away, and when the morning dawned (June 18), all knew the end was near. Her mother said to her—"An entrance shall be administered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom!" Her face lighted up, and she repeated again and again—"Abundantly!"—"Abundantly!" and as the first flood of sunlight poured in through the open window, she turned her face to it, exclaiming, "How glorious! how beautiful!" Her husband said to her—"My precious one, we shall not be separated long!" She answered eagerly, "Oh, no!" and in a few moments her head gently fell upon his shoulder, and she died.



TO DOWAGER LADY BUXTON,

JUNE 25, 1852.

The hills are heavy with their glory's weight,
 Their depth of verdure and their gush of bloom;
The coppice bends beneath its roseate freight,
 While *she*, unheeding, passes to her tomb.

Unheeding passes she the expectant door,
 Ungreeted now the cottage porch must stand—
The gate, the porch, she never passed before
 Without some kindly sign of eye or hand.

Nor *pass'd* she often; oftener wont to turn
 The gate within, and cheat the purpos'd walk,
Making our gladdened hearts within us burn,
 Enriched, enlivened, by her various talk.

Then *one*,* who gave the gloss and gilding here,
 In her bright presence smil'd a brighter smile,
And when that light was quenched, and all was drear,
 Our lov'd one still could my dark hours beguile.

But they in higher, holier converse meet,
 Their powers unfetter'd, perfected their love;
In rest, safe harbour'd at the Saviour's feet,
 Serving together in the courts above.

* S. M. Buxton.

And she a weight of greater glory bears
Than all the gems of earth, that brightest glow,
And robes of lustre more serene she wears
Than all the hues that earth-born blossoms show.

More pure their lustre than her bridal vest,
Though that was burnish'd by each gladsome ray
That sparkled from the eyes of thousands blest
Who rose to thank her on their freedom day.

On winds the solemn train, the black'ning line
Slowly disparts the green and springing corn,
Tended by man's fond love and love Divine,
She to her Father's rest is gently borne.

Gently we laid her by the ivied wall,
Beside her lov'd ones in their deep repose ;
O'er her, in one dear bond combining all,
The song of the redeem'd of Jesus rose.

And they, who precious seed together sow'd,
And labour'd patient through the toilsome years,
Shall come again bearing their sheaves bestow'd,
In guerdon rich, when Christ the Lord appears.

And thou, who weeping sore, must now repair
To that lone spot, where hid thy treasures lie,
Thou too, that blessed harvest day shall share,
And meet thine own, rejoicing, eye to eye.

ANNA GURNEY.

Ten years ago, soon after Priscilla Johnston's death, her husband put together some extracts from her journals. Gradually letters have been collected, and the extracts from the journal revised; and the wish has strengthened that her children, and those who knew and loved her, should possess them in a readable form. He was unable to give much time himself, but his ever-ready sympathy and interest never failed, and until three months before his death he continued a sharer in the correction of the proofs. This is a precious remembrance now, when his pleasure in the completion of the work is keenly missed. But he no longer needs the comfort which these records gave him. He has joined the blessed company who are at rest and satisfied for ever.

Illness came upon him by imperceptible degrees. Early in the present year (1862) he failed in vigour and spirits, and often remarked upon this himself, saying he could not understand it. In April, when a cloud of sorrow rested upon many hearts, his seemed the most bowed down with grief for his bereaved son and daughter in the loss of their only child, and his already failing strength gave way more rapidly after this heavy trial. In the middle of July he left for the last time his loved home at Holton, and went to London for advice. Then only was alarm first aroused. He became visibly more feeble, and his memory entirely failed. He was moved to Norwood, and on the 9th of August to Sydenham. The disease made rapid progress, but the remembrance of those weeks will be ever stamped with thankfulness; his children were all with him, and saw the grace of God shining



out in him through all, even in unconsciousness ; and patience, trust, and peace, were written upon his countenance as he lay with his hands folded upon his breast. He was spared all pain of parting, all care and anxiety for those he left, and gently and gradually his Saviour led him through the valley of the shadow of death.

He died early in the morning of Sunday, August 24th, and on the 29th was laid in the same grave with his wife, in the ruins at Overstrand.



"TILL THE DAY BREAK, AND THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY."

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